THE EXAMINER.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The prospect of an irreconciliable difference between Mr. Forster and his Bradford constituents is one which every Liberal would sincerely regret—all the more, we may add, considering the almost formal character of the point at issue between him and the Association supposed to represent the local Liberalism. On a hurried, first consideration of it, Rule 15 of the Electorial Association might, certainly, seem oppressive, and one to which, as Mr. Forster himself pleads, no candidate in his position could submit without loss of self-respect. The rule says that the proposer of a candidate for the borough must "give an assurance to the general Representative Committee that the said candidate . . . shall abide by the decision of the Association." Mr. Illingworth, who, like every other Liberal in the country, is desirous that Mr. Forster should be returned at the next general election, asks him whether he may give the required assurance on his behalf, and the request has been pretty generally condemned as an interference with individuality of opinion and a menace to political life and intelligence. Putting aside, for the moment, the application of this rule to Mr. Forster's case in particular, let us inquire into its general significance. It is surely evident that the force of an objection on the score of loss of self-respect depends greatly on the degree to which the Association laying down the condition is representative of the total constituency. Mr. Forster objects to dictation by a body "within the constituency." Does that mean that he would accept dictation by a body acting as the delegate of the Constituency? The question, then, is simply this—Is the Bradford Association, not a mere clique as its opponents say, but the acknowledged representative of local Liberalism, as Mr. Illingworth declares it to be? If the latter, where is the loss of self-respect in conforming to its terms? What is the end of a parliamentary member's existence if it is not to give expression to the opinions of his constituents? In one sense, not even a Ministry claims absolute "individuality of opinion." Else, what is the meaning of an appeal to the country? Why do members, during the recess, go to their constituents and give an account of their stewardship? The only thing new in the present situation is the extent to which constituencies claim to exercise a direct influence on public affairs. Voters, formerly, were few in number, their interest in politics was small, and they were easily manipulated by a few wire-pullers. But nowadays the latter—as Mr. Chamberlain has shown—have given place to organizations on a wide popular basis, whose leading men are just as capable of forming a sound opinion on public questions as the Members of Parliament themselves.

The last consideration shows how much worth is to be attached to the objection that, under the new order of things, Members of Parliament will be reduced to the position of delegates. No association that we have heard of claims to direct the action of a member in matters of detail. The association, speaking for the general body of Liberals, only claim adhesion, on the part of their parliamentary representatives, to a certain view of some broad question or questions. It is, surely, at least as honourable and dignified to be the "delegate" of a politically intelligent constituency as to be the member for one of the old type, in which political interest and opinion were almost non-existent. And there is another use of these associations that ought not to be overlooked. They are an admirable machinery, to say the least, for rapidly collecting, so to speak, the opinion of the nation in regard to any question of paramount importance.

As for Mr. Forster, the only question on which Mr. Illingworth asks for an assurance is one upon which all Liberals are already agreed, viz., the disestablishment of the Scottish Church. Upon this subject the latter wrote as follows:—"As to ecclesiastical subjects, upon which a large majority of Liberals, both in England and Scotland, are intent, I infer, from what you said at St. George's Hall on the Scotch Church, that you will take the same position as Gladstone, Hartington, and our other leading men—viz., that, if a demand for disestablishment and disendowment is made by a large majority in Scotland, it will be the duty of the Liberal party to support it and to carry through a satisfactory measure as soon as the opportunity comes round. An assurance to this effect would, I believe, be regarded as a practical and satisfactory advance, and would result in your cordial adoption." To which Mr. Forster replied:—"I cannot speak for the Liberal party, but for myself I accept this as a fair and correct inference from my speech. I consider the Establishment of the Scotch Church a question which ought to be determined by the wishes of the Scotch people." Clearly, Mr. Forster need not dread the operation of rule 15, in so far, at least, as he personally is concerned, provided he gives the assurance as regards the ecclesiastical question. But, if Mr. Forster declines to accept the mediation of the Committee, on the ground that it only represents a body "within the Constituency," then let the Three Hundred vindicate, if they can, their representative character at a general meeting of the Bradford Liberals.

Slave-dhow chasing in the Red Sea is less profitable than it is or used to be on the Coast of Zanzibar. On the latter station, the prize money fairly compensated for the discomforts of the climate and the dreariness of the service, in the course of which a detachment from the ship's crew may be engaged for weeks in rowing or sailing in a long boat, within sight of the shore, and with only an occasional run on the sands to vary the monotony of their existence. In the Red Sea, however, an English captain, instead of being rewarded for his humanity, may be compelled to pay heavily for the privilege of its exercise. A short time back, the captain of H.M.S. *Wild Swan* liberated seventy-eight slaves whom he found stowed beneath a "cargo" of mats on board a dhow, sailing from the African coast for Jeddah. Captain Powlett, however, had no power to confiscate the slaver; and it was even stated that he had incurred a fine for the offence of having boarded a vessel under the Turkish flag. The Egyptians co-operate with us honestly in the suppression of the Slave trade in their own waters; but with Turkey we have no Slave treaty, and the consequence seems to be that any Red Sea slaver may defy us by the simple process of hoisting the Turkish flag. Complaints were also recently made on the ground that the commander of the *Vesta* had no power to liberate two hundred and ninety-six other slaves that had been shipped for the Jeddah market. But, as these slaves had already been housed on shore, it would seem that the captain had no right to interfere, though, of course, he might protect them if they took refuge on board his vessel. Our Foreign Office ought certainly to come to an understanding on this subject with the Sublime Porte—especially because the more or less partial suppression of the Zanzibar sea traffic has resulted in an increase of the inland trade with Arabia *viâ* the Red Sea. This diversion of the slave traffic was fully anticipated on the conclusion of the treaty with the Sultan.

On the occasion of the City festivities, in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, there was, it may be remembered, a remarkable contradiction between the various newspaper reports on the manner in which the spectators were affected by the spectacle. According to one journal, the streets were, perhaps, more crowded than they had been during any public demonstration since Garibaldi's visit, and the enthusiasm of the populace was on a par with their numbers. According to another, there were no crowds to speak of, while the demeanour of the people was just as much in harmony with the solemnity of a funeral procession as with the jubilation of a ministerial triumph. A like inconsistency between journalistic testimonies is observable in the reports of the *Daily News* and *The Times* concerning the health of the troops in Cyprus. *The Times* letter of Thursday represents their condition as really excellent, with the exception of a few trifling cases such as might occur anywhere as well as in Cyprus. Of 2,300 men encamped near Larnaca, only nineteen, the writer says, are sick; and of these nineteen "most were disabled through slight accidents." In short, he would lead us to believe that there is no ground for the home "panic" on the subject of unhealthiness. *The Times* itself adopts a like encouraging view of the situation; while Colonel Stanley, replying to a question put in the House, says that only six per cent. of the total force in Cyprus are suffering from the mild fever of the country. But it is impossible to accept this easy view of the matter in face of the very serious account given by the *Daily News* Correspondent, whose energy, conscientiousness, and general trustworthiness and ability are sufficiently well known. Of the 42nd Regiment, he says, 170 are down with fever—that is more than thrice the number given in a former telegram. Besides these, 130 men of the 101st are reported by him to be sick, as well as six officers of a battery of artillery, 84 out of 136 sailors and marines at Nicosia, and the whole of a small detachment which lately was disembarked at Baffo. As our contemporary says, by way of comment on Colonel Stanley's six per cent., "Every man in a regiment might be unfit for duty, yet, if the average were spread over the whole army, it might not appear great."

The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the mode of transacting business on the London Stock Exchange have made their report. It is a most interesting document, throwing quite a flood of light on what to most people is a comparatively occult subject. Like Topsy, the London Stock Exchange has "growed," and its growth has been of a somewhat irregular character. The report of the Select Committee of 1875 on Foreign Loans brought so many malpractices and more or less palpable frauds on the public so inconveniently near the door of the Stock Exchange that its members have good reason to congratulate themselves on the testimony of the Commissioners as to their general probity and honourable dealing. They recommend no radical interference with the constitution or working of an institution which the necessities of commerce and everyday experience have, in a great measure, moulded into its present shape. The members of the Stock Exchange are now over 2,000 in number. They are not the proprietors of the building, who are a distinct body consisting of 500 shareholders. These may or may not be members. The shareholders divide annually among them about 45,000*l.* net revenue. Members pay on admission 100*l.*, with annual subscription of 20*l.* Those who have previously acted as clerks to members are permitted to enter on somewhat easier terms—viz., 60*l.* on admission, with 12*l.* annual subscription. The 2,000 are governed by an elective General Purposes Committee of thirty, to which any member of five years' standing may aspire. A member may either be a broker or a jobber—that is to say, he may buy and sell for clients, or he may buy and sell for himself, but he cannot discharge the functions of both at the same time. Such is, in brief, the existing constitution of the Stock Exchtnge, and the Commissioners have few changes to suggest. With the integrity of the General Purposes Committee they are abundantly satisfied. They think, however, and with justice, it appears to us, that a much smaller committee exercising something like judicial functions should be appointed to judge of the character and antecedents of applicants for admission. Furthermore, to give the public greater security against fraud, and to render permanent all suggested improvements, the Commissioners propose that the Stock Exchange should cease to be a voluntary association and be created a body corporate, either by Royal Charter or by Act of Parliament. In this last important recommendation the Commissioners may appear to seek to some extent to fetter trade, the freedom of which has come to be the first article of our commercial faith. But the restraints will be altogether trifling compared with the magnitude of the transactions affected and the gross abuses which corporate authority may be expected to extirpate.

Besides dealing with the constitution of the Stock Exchange, the Commissioners pass in review its practice and procedure. In this connection the floating of rotten loans and fraudulent companies has naturally received a large share of their attention. They were virtually appointed to devise some means of effectually curbing the knaves guilty of such malpractices, and they have done their best to grapple with the evil. Their first recommendation is that all dealings in shares before allotment shall be a criminal offence. Such an enactment, there is some reason to believe, will not be very palatable to "the House." The General Purposes Committee, it would appear, in 1864, voluntarily passed a rule condemning such transactions, but were incontinently compelled to repeal it, as it threatened in practice to become a dead-letter. The speculative spirit is not now strong, and an Act of Parliament, peremptorily forbidding dealings before allotment, might have some chance of being obeyed; but let another period of mania set in, and there is considerable danger of the law sharing the fate of the rule laid down by the General Purposes Committee. If Government would add to legal prohibition the further terror of a public prosecutor to carry its will into effect, the public might consider itself reasonably guaranteed against the grosser forms of joint-stock imposture with which we have become only too familiar. But this, of course, is too much to hope for at present.

Next to the conditions of admission of members to the Stock Exchange, the re-admission of defaulters engaged the serious attention of the Commissioners, and rightly. To the pure all things are pure. If every broker or dealer entering the great metropolitan temple of trade were honest, Governmental interference in any shape would be unnecessary, and indefensible. Unfortunately, there are black sheep not a few. Within the last ten years, it would appear, 265 members have been in default. Of these, 116 have applied for re-admission, and the forgiving spirit of the Stock Exchange is fully attested by the fact that 105 have been reinstated. "We are of opinion," say the Commissioners, "that such a proportion of persons re-admitted, whose conduct has avowedly been marked by indiscretion and want of reasonable caution, is excesssive, and that the rule of the Stock Exchange should be against the admission of defaulters unless they can be proved to fall within the first class, unless under very special circumstances." The "first class" here referred to consists of those who have failed from default of principals, or from other circumstances, where no bad faith or breach of regulations of the House has been practised, and where the operations have been in reasonable proportion to the defaulter's resources. Of the re-admitted 105, only eight were rehabilitated under the only re-admission rule which the Commissioners would retain. Full of all uncharitableness, they finally admonish the General Purposes Committee as follows :—"Such a rule, loyally carried out, would do more to deter members of the Stock Exchange from the reckless speculation which brings deserved discredit on the institution than any forcible restrictions of the Legislature, *and there can be no doubt the Stock Exchange have the power, if they have the will, to carry such a rule into effect.*" This is plain speaking, and we trust the members of the Stock Exchange, for their own sakes, will lay it to heart.

Hödel, the perpetrator of the attempted crime of the 11th May last, was beheaded yesterday morning in the court-yard of the new prison at Berlin. Opinion may be divided as to the expediency or the reverse of a bestowal upon the vain fanatic of what Hödel himself and his like must have regarded as the honour of political martyrdom. Criminals of his stamp are generally reckless of their own lives, and a public decapitation is the kind of punishment they would prefer, if invited to make a choice. It is their only chance of immortality. Perhaps if Germany had a Siberia at its disposal it might have been the more effective course to have sent Hödel thither for the remaining period of his natural life. The ignominy of such a fate would have been the depth of humiliation to conceited criminals like Höedel, and would have tended to frighten, even more effectually than the prospect of decapitation, other conspirators of the same conceited stamp. In the like view, it would have been a fitting sequel to a crime all the more cowardly by reason of the venerable age of its intended victim. As these considerations have been put aside in the case of Hödel, there is little likelihood of their having any effect in that of Nobiling, whom his goalers are very carefully nursing for his doom. The poor wretches deserve their fate ; but, at the same time, there is the likelihood that the occasion will be turned to fresh account by the somewhat unscrupulous party which would make Socialism responsible for their crimes.

Those who, about this time of year, rush off to the seaside seeking health would do well to remember an Oriental fable. A certain man of Damascus fled to Bagdad in the hope of escaping death, for the plague had broken out in his own city. But when he got to Bagdad he found the Angel of Death awaiting him, with the grim inquiry, "Fool, did you think to escape me?" London is, on the whole, healthy; most English seaside towns are terribly the reverse. The disgraceful state of the drainage of our watering places has long been a fruitful source of complaint, a still more fruitful source of disease. But, with our proverbial slowness in sanitary reforms, few steps were hitherto taken to remedy the evil, and make the spots most usually chosen for holidays a little more salutary than lazar-houses. Now, however, Torquay the Beautiful has risen to the situation, and at a very large cost has succeeded in disposing of its sewage without offence to the health of its inhabitants. Torquay has done well. Torquay is wise in its generation. There is no need, however, to be too enthusiastic over the noble public spirit of Torquay in thus purifying itself. It is an exceedingly sensible action from a business point of view, for even the most reckless holiday-makers will tire at last of putting their lives in peril, and the town whose sanitary condition stands high is sure to reap a golden harvest.

In spite of the withering invective of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone continues to be a Catholic in his tastes, and as varied in his labours as ever. Like Walter Savage Landor, Mr. Gladstone "warms both hands before the fire of life," and it is, therefore, with no feeling of surprise that we find him discussing Art-Labour, at Hawarden Flower Show, at a time when he might not unreasonably be supposed to be wholly absorbed by politics. He did, indeed, in the opening of his speech, point out to the people of England that they could not be ruined against their wish, even by the "honourable men" now governing the country; but he soon abandoned questions of statesmanship, and devoted himself to the importance of flowers as agents of civilization. The old Italian painter who loved flowers so truly that he loved nothing else, and when he died had neither wife, nor child, nor friend to watch over his grave, but only flowers which grew in grateful profusion over him, could hardly have felt more enthusiasm for gardens than Mr. Gladstone expressed, nor could Mr. William Morris evidence a more ardent desire for the better artistic education of the lower classes than came from the eloquent lips of his political leader. The beauty of flowers in the windows of dirty cities and their humanizing influence in the dwellings of the poor have long been favoured themes of poets and moralists. It is gratifying to find that they are not beneath the notice of great statesmen.

The twenty-fifth report of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education has just been issued. We need hardly say that it abounds in matter of great interest, though the force of its testimony to the growing prevalence of a taste for art culture can only be appreciated by readers in some degree acquainted with the condition of art training as it was little more than a generation ago. When the subject first received the attention of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ewart, and their friends, there was only a single art school in the country, and the Government support of it was accorded mainly, if not altogether, for industrial purposes. The State patronage of art schools was granted with a purely utilitarian purpose. The French could design patterns for calicoes and other substances more skilfully than their English rivals, and Mr. Ewart's Committee was anxious that the foreign superiority should no longer exist; and the utilitarian experiment has been a triumph. But many years ago, the ideal of art-teaching passed beyond the utilitarian stage, and each year the reports of the Science and Art Department bear gratifying testimony to the progress of the higher ideal of art for art's sake. During the past year new art schools have been established at Barnstaple, Doncaster, Keswick, and Weymouth. The number of such schools has reached one hundred and forty-four, and they are attended by about thirty thousand art students. But the most interesting and encouraging portions of the report are those which refer to art instruction in the ordinary elementary schools. In upwards of three thousand seven hundred schools of this class, there were 549,010 pupils taught drawing during the year under review, and, of that number, more than four hundred thousand were examined in the month of March. These results showed an advance, over those of 1876, of more than four hundred schools, and eighty-eight thousand pupils. No man is ever a worse citizen for a slight infusion of culture.

EASTERN ROUMELIA.

The vote of the House on Lord Hartington's resolutions has been followed by the first step towards the realisation of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and the Earl of Donoughmore have been appointed to represent Great Britain on the Commission which, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin, is to arrange a constitution for Eastern Roumelia. The step is not a very great one. Still, it is a beginning, and is not uninstructive, as an indication of the course that the Government intend to pursue. Personally, the two Commissioners are not quite the men whom public opinion would have designated for a task of exceptional difficulty. Sir Drummond Wolff is an active and able member of Parliament, who has continued the pursuit of politics with the promotion of financial enterprises, who has been distinguished for his zeal in the advocacy of Conservative interests, and whose Parliamentary reputation, though not undeserved in itself, has suffered somewhat from an impression that he was over desirous of the sweets of office. Lord Donoughmore is a young and comparatively unknown nobleman, whose chief claim to public employment lies in the fact that the Conservatives are indebted to his father for a long series of party services. Both the Commissioners may possess qualifications of which as yet the world is unaware. But, from an outside view, it would appear as though the cause of their selection was the natural desire of the Government to find places abroad for two supporters whom it was not very easy to provide for at home. If we are to exercise any form of protectorate over Turkey by the agency of British officials, it is an essential condition of our success that the patronage thus exerted should not be employed to serve party ends; and we could wish that the first appointments made under the new state of things had not been open to the suspicion of having been influenced by political considerations. Still, it is only fair to add that there is nothing in the antecedents of the new Commissioners which forbids the hope that they may render good service to the State; and the services they have it in their power to render are so important that we see little good in prognosticating beforehand their unfitness for the duties they have been called on to fulfil. We have no sympathy with the petty partisanship which carries its opposition to a policy to the point of actually hoping that it may end in failure. We distrust and disapprove the novel relations which the Government have established between England and Turkey. Still, as these relations are now established, for better or for worse, we are sincerely desirous that they should be carried out in the manner best calculated to secure their lasting success.

Now, it is obvious that the line our representatives may adopt in settling the fortunes of Eastern Roumelia is likely to regulate the whole policy of this country towards Turkey. The Congress of Berlin, so to speak, sketched out the rough lines under which the new province is to be governed, but left it to the Commission to fill in the picture. Eastern Roumelia, according to the Treaty of San Stefano, was to have been the portion of Bulgaria lying south of the Balkans. By the treaty of Berlin, the Southern Bulgars have been deprived of the independent existence which seemed to be within their grasp, and are to enjoy in exchange a greater or less degree of autonomy. The chief terms laid down to secure them from vexatious interference on the part of Constantinople are the appointment of a governor with the consent of the Powers, whom the Porte shall have no authority to remove for the space of five years, the establishment of a local militia, and the withdrawal from the Sultan of the right to keep garrisons in any of the principal towns except in the event of war. Whether these conditions are wise in themselves or just to the Turks is not the question. It is enough to say they are the fixed elements in the problem which the Commissioners have to solve. Now, granted these conditions, it is clear that Eastern Roumelia, whether we like it or not, will be virtually independent of Constantinople. If the chief officials of the province held their posts irrespective of the pleasure of the Porte, and if the military force by which order is to be preserved is recruited from the inhabitants, and not composed of Turkish troops, supreme authority must rest with the local, not with the Imperial government. This being so, it is idle for the Porte to cling to the minor symbols and attributes of power. If the Turks were well advised, they would endeavour to simplify the relations between Constantinople and Roumelia as much as possible; and this can best be done, under the circumstances of the case, by giving the Southern Bulgarians the utmost degree of autonomy consistent with the maintenance of their nominal connection with the Ottoman Empire. As a rule, however, nations value the semblance of authority in inverse proportion to its reality; and, judging from all past experience, the Turks are not likely to prove any exception to this rule. We may assume, therefore, as a matter of certainty, that the whole efforts of the Porte will be directed to curtailing the autonomy of Roumelia within the narrowest limits. How far these efforts may prove successful must depend mainly upon the attitude of the British Commissioners.

According to the old traditions of our diplomacy, the Russian members of the Commission would take the Bulgars under their protection, and the British members would forthwith constitute themselves the champions of the Turks. Every concession by which Roumelia was granted a more complete control of her own affairs would be regarded as a Muscovite victory; every restriction by which the dominion of the Sultan was rendered more direct would be classed as a triumph for England. We could wish rather than hope that a new and wiser spirit might prevail in our counsels. A great opportunity is open to us. It lies within our power to convince the native populations of Turkey that their interests are as safe in our keeping as in that of Russia. If we follow our old system, and exercise all our influence to keep the Christians in Roumelia a little longer in subjection, a little less free to live out their own lives, what must be the inevitable result? We cannot undo the past; we cannot, if we would, replace Roumelia under the rule of Turkish Pashas supported by Turkish garrisons. All we can do is to cause the inhabitants of the province to attribute every vexation to which they may henceforth be subject to our interference, and to lead them to rely on Russia as their protector against Ottoman misrule. By so doing we are of necessity identifying ourselves with a losing cause. No clear-headed man, however ardent his Turkish sympathies may be, can doubt that the future in European Turkey rests with the Cross, not with the Crescent. So far, to speak the honest truth, Russia is the only Power which has exerted itself in behalf of the Christian subjects of the Porte. We may and do distrust the sincerity of these exertions; we believe that, under the cover of religious zeal, Russia is pursuing a policy of aggrandizement fraught with danger to interests of far graver import than those of rival sects and creeds. But, still, we cannot disguise from ourselves that the title of Russia to be considered the Protector of the Eastern Christians rests upon stronger evidence than that of mere assertion. The remarkable manifesto published in the *Golos* the other day, however much we may dispute its premises, is certain to commend itself to the approval of the Sclav populations of Turkey in Europe. If we desire to undermine the hold which Russia has upon the Christian subjects of the Porte, we have one way, and one way only, of doing this. We have got to show them that in our dealings with the Porte we are genuinely anxious to promote their welfare and to facilitate their gradual emancipation from Moslem oppression.

The Roumelian Commission will furnish us with an unprecedented opportunity for taking a new departure. Our attitude in its proceedings will be watched throughout the East. If it should appear that our one desire is to befriend Turkey, and to keep together the fragments of her shattered supremacy, then Russia's moral ascendancy will be restored, whatever may be the result of the Commission. If, on the other hand, it should be seen that what England desires is equal justice and equal prosperity for all the subjects of the Porte, irrespective of the immediate requirements of Ottoman policy, then a new era will commence for British influence in the East. Two paths lie before us. Which we follow will be decided in no small measure by the view which Sir Drum-

mond Wolff and Lord Donoughmore may take of their duties as the representatives of England in the Roumelian Commission.

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Last Tuesday's news from Bombay, to the effect that an English Embassy will leave India for Cabul next September, has been confirmed by the Under Secretary. Its escort, as formidable as the little army which the Indian Government has located permanently in Khelat, will consist of the 11th Bengal Lancers and detachments from the Guides and other regiments. The object of the Mission is said to be the establishment of an English Residency at Cabul. This, it will be remembered, was the concession which Shere Ali's representative declined to grant at his recent interview with our envoy, Sir Lewis Pelly. The Afghan Government has always been obstinate on this point. The utmost it would consent to yield by treaty was the right of the Viceroy to depute to Cabul a native Indian Vakeel, but this official was compelled to withdraw during the troubles of 1864, since which date the Indian Government has been chiefly indebted for its transfrontier news to the Vakeel's moonshee, or letter writer, and the caravans from Cabul and Central Asia. The moonshee served his masters well, on the whole; and it was generally felt that the presence of a Resident, besides arousing Afghan jealousies, might, in the case of violence or insult to his person, force us into serious and expensive reprisals which we could not in honour forego. But now all the old considerations for non-interference have been thrown to the winds; and one warlike and influential contemporary even views with complacency the prospect that the Embassy's imposing cavalcade may have to fight its way through the Khyber. One thing seems clear—the Ameer must accept an English Residency at his head-quarters whether he will or no. People may doubt the wisdom of the expedition, but no one—not even Lord Lawrence himself—can doubt the folly of retreat in the event of another refusal. This innovation on the Indo-Afghan tradition is too important for the Viceroy to have undertaken on his own responsibility. We are entitled to regard it as a fresh assertion of "Imperialism;" and as such it is an instructive contrast to the *insouciance* with which, ten years ago, the Conservative Ministry, in reply to an inquiry from Sir John Lawrence as to what he should do in the Afghan crisis of that day, told the Governor-General that he might do what he liked. In 1868 Indo-Afghan affairs were deemed only good enough for Anglo-Indians to trifle with; the Cabinet and the country knew nothing about them, and cared less; but in 1878 they appear to have definitely entered into the sphere of English and Anglo-European politics.

In itself, however, the Mission is of infinitely less consequence than its alleged justification, and its position in the chain of events, beginning with our military occupation of Quettah. The Mission, say some of our contemporaries, is intended to "counteract" the increasing influence of Russia in Central Asia; it is an answer to the Russo-Cabul Embassy, of which the world heard the other day for the first time, and the Russian annexations that are in progress at this very moment. And, no doubt, the Russians are extraordinarily active, and candid to a degree altogether unusual to them. Formerly, when they wanted to annex a neighbour, they arranged a botanical expedition; but now they have dispensed with even that transparent fig-leaf of a pretence; and they are preparing to swallow up the six remaining khanates between the Oxus and the Hindoo Koosh; while at the same time they are reported to be advancing eastwards from Krasnovodsk, ostensibly to punish the Turkomans. Concurrently with these events, General Abramov—"the Rawlinson of Russia"—has arrived at Cabul, with letters from the Czar and the Governor-General of Turkestan, and an Afghan review has been held in honour of the envoy and his companions. In short, the Ameer and the Russians are fast friends, and the ruler who will only tolerate an Anglo-Indian moonshee is ready to accept a full-blown Russian Residency, with its "escort" of Usbegs and Cossacks. What a return, says the *Standard*, dolefully, for "the patience and forbearance of this country, sorely tried by territorial changes in Armenia." The real objective of the Russians, continues the *Standard*, is Merve and Balkh, both on the Afghan side of the Oxus; and as soon as they cross the river we shall be bound to occupy Candahar and Herat.

If they are "bound," it is only by their own rash logic. The occupation and virtual annexation of Khelat was a step which, if the Government are consistent, may land us in enterprises the end of which none can foresee. It was the first breach in the safe and wise policy of non-interference. It was an acknowledgment of the main proposition upon which General Jacob based his proposals of twenty-two years ago—that India, if she ever be threatened with invasion, will best be defended outside her frontier. He advocated the occupation of Quettah, the construction of a strategic line of railway, and the enrolment of Belooch Irregulars. With Candahar in our possession, he urged, we should only be 150 miles from Herat, we could outflank any enemy in the direction of Cabul, and then "India would be as firmly locked in our grasp as if surrounded by the ocean." But, to say the least, there is authority, as plentiful and weighty, for the proposition that our grasp would be still stronger if held within India alone, while history testifies but too forcibly to the risks of interference beyond our frontiers. The Cabul expedition of forty years ago cost India fifteen millions, though fewer than twenty thousand men were engaged in it. Have not the Indian Government's kind attentions been thrown away upon Shere Ali, who, by the way, is much more of a rogue than of the madman that he is said to be? Before 1869, Shere Ali had received 120,000*l.* out of the revenues of India, to say nothing of 10,000 stand of arms and costly presents, and all that he did in return was to translate the manual and platoon exercises into Pukhtoo, and to order his subjects to wear shoes of English pattern. The subsidies which he has drawn since then have neither induced him to receive an English Resident, nor prevented him from accepting one from the Czar. The Ameer, it is said, could hurl the hill tribes upon us; but the fact is the hill tribes owe allegiance to no one; and it is not so long since they forced an Ameer, on his way to Indian territory, to pay them black mail. It would be much easier for the Indian Government to hurl its neighbours, the hill tribes, against Shere Ali, or any invader. "I believe," said Mr. Wyllie, in the *Fortnightly Review* of March, 1870, "that the only true bulwarks of India are to be found within her own limits;" her "triple line of ramparts," says the same writer, are her "frontier railways, popular contentment, and improvement of border organisation." If disaffection prevailed, the removal of troops beyond the frontier would be dangerous in the extreme; whereas its non-prevalence would simply mean the absence alike of the very cause of our jealousy against Russia, and of a justification for measures calculated to weaken her "disturbing influence." Moreover, the idea of an extra territorial warfare stands self-condemned on grounds of railway strategy. It is strange how the Indian railways are lost sight of in almost every criticism on this subject. With the help of the railways, bodies of Indian troops might be moved from any one point of the Punjab frontier to another—from Calcutta or Bombay to within sight of the hills—in as many days as it would take an invading force to march along a line of eighty or a hundred miles through the roadless country of its ally. If Afganistan had railways there might be excellent reasons, in certain eventualities, for crossing the border, and tearing them up; but, as everybody knows, it is only a desert of "rocks, stones, snow, and ice"—as Lord Wellesley contemptuously designated it—that has no paths but sheep walks, and that grows scarcely anything but robbers, who would have no objection to cut Shere Ali's own throat for a consideration. It is odd, too, that the very people who were loudest in their delight at the "eager, enthusiastic loyalty" with which the Indian sepoys volunteered to fight the Russians in Malta, or anywhere else, should confess to a disposition to distrust them in the event of the Russians being on the wrong side of the Oxus. It is forgotten, also, that in the case of an Indo-Russian war, the Turks would operate with us in Asiatic Turkey; and this, on the advance party's own showing, would tend to strengthen the loyalty of

of every Mahommedan sepoy in India. But these considerations, surely, tell all the more in favour of the view already quoted, that India's best defence is within her own frontiers. In this view, all missions and military occupations with a "counteracting" purpose are to be condemned, first, because they provoke the very intrigues and ambitions that are dreaded; and secondly, because they divert from the poverty-struck treasury of India a great deal of money that might be profitably employed otherwise. The capitalised value even of the first two or three years' subsidies and other bribes literally thrown away upon the barbarian, Shere Ali, would have gone far to complete the frontier railway system. With this finished, with the whole Scinde-Punjab frontier under a single command immediately subject to the Commander-in-Chief, with a formidable mountain-barrier between India and her supposed foes, and with a wise system of internal Government to conciliate our fellow-subjects, what, we ask, would there be to fear from an invader? The Russians, say the alarmists, are now, or will soon be, only two hundred and seventy miles from India. Our answer is that, under the conditions we have already described, it would not matter in the slightest degree if the distance were only two hundred and seventy yards. Annexation will, in the long run, be a benefit to these lawless khanates themselves. With their "debateable" limits, and undefined allegiance, their mere existence is a perpetual source of trouble; and we are persuaded that it would be a favourable circumstance for the peace of Asia and the world if their multifarious anarchy were superseded by the rule of a strong power.

THE FRENCH COUNCILS GENERAL.

The lull in French politics is drawing to a close. According to a view very commonly held in this country, the interval of orderly tranquillity which France has enjoyed of late has been due to a growing conviction of the excellence of constitutional compromise and of the absurdity of pushing theories to their logical results. There is undoubtedly some truth in this view. Indeed, the novel reluctance displayed of late by French politicians to ostracise their opponents is one of the most hopeful symptoms in the outlook for France. Still, it would be a mistake to over-estimate the force of this tendency towards compromise or to take its permanence for granted. The Exhibition has had more to do than almost any other cause with the unwonted moderation of French political warfare; and that this should have been so is creditable to the good sense of the nation, and especially of the dominant Republican party. An immense, and what seems to foreigners an exaggerated importance, was attached by Frenchmen in general to the success of the World Mart in the Champ de Mars. Any serious political disturbance would have been fatal to its success, and the responsibility for its failure would have told heavily against any party which initiated the disturbance. All parties were, therefore, bound over to keep the peace. By this time, however, the success of the Exhibition, as a display of the material resources of France, is fully assured. Within a few weeks more its existence will be virtually over, and already there are many symptoms that the struggle between the Republican and the Anti-Republican parties is about to be recommenced in earnest. The crisis which terminated with the downfall of the De Broglie Ministry ended in a compromise. The Marshal on the one hand consented, contrary to his professions, to remain President with a Ministry taken from the Left. The Republicans, on the other hand, consented not to employ the victory they had won at the elections, and not to insist upon the administration of the State being conducted according to their own ideas by men of their own party. The compromise has worked well as a provisional arrangement; but, of its nature, it cannot endure permanently. Sooner or later, the question must be decided whether France is to enjoy Republican institutions in reality as well as in name; and, judging from appearances, the decision of this issue is not likely to be long delayed.

Within the course of a few days the Councils General will be elected throughout France. By the Constitution these Councils have an important part to play in the composition of the Senate at the commencement of next year. Seventy-five new Senators have to be elected by a non-descript constituency, formed out of different local bodies amongst which the Councils General are the most important. If, therefore, the Republicans should obtain a majority in these Councils, they will practically be able to count on the return of Republican Senators; and the result will be that the Left will then possess an absolute and decisive majority in both branches of the Legislature. Our own impression is that the Republicans will win an easy victory at the elections for the Councils General. The Monarchists are disheartened and disorganized; the peasantry cannot be relied upon to vote against the candidates of the Administration; and the Conservative classes amidst the Bourgoisie are reconciled for the time being to the Republic as representing the cause of settled order and tranquillity. Under these circumstances the Monarchists can only fight a losing battle. Their one hold on the public lies in their supposed identification with the reign of law and order; and yet their programme can only be carried out, as things are now, as the result of a revolution, if not of a civil war. The Republican candidates, with the Administration actively on their side, are certain of success; and, though the Conservative elements which are so largely represented in the Councils-General will probably prevent the nomination of any very extreme politicians, we may take it for granted that the new Councils will elect Senators of a shade calculated to give a decisive majority to the Left in the Senate. Such an alteration in the balance of political power cannot fail to influence the march of events. Hitherto the Marshal has always been able to rely on a majority in the Upper Chamber to support him in resisting any action of the Republican party in the Lower House which he might deem inconsistent with the conditions of his power. To put the matter more plainly, the Senate as at present constituted could be trusted to sanction a dissolution whenever the Marshal President demanded it as the alternative to his own resignation. But with the Senatorial elections of the coming winter all this will be changed. The Republicans will have the control of both Chambers, and the Marshal can only resist the will of the majority by an appeal to force. So long as the Senate was on his side, the Marshal could withstand the Chamber with a semblance of legality which not only satisfied his own constitutional scruples, but—what was of far more importance—deprived his action of any distinctly revolutionary character. We doubt whether the Marshal ever anticipated an actual *coup d'état*. If he did, the time is gone by for carrying out the project. In any case, it is now certain that, if he should wish to overturn the Republic, he must do so as the avowed leader of a monarchial restoration, not as the nominal champion of the Constitution.

Thus, with the return of a Republican majority in the forthcoming elections for the Councils General, the existing compromise between the President and the Left will lose its reason of being. The Marshal will have forfeited the weapon in virtue of whose possession he was enabled to impose terms upon the Republican party; and it is hardly in human nature—certainly not in French human nature—that they should not avail themselves of their recovered liberty of action. MM. Dufaure, Léon Say, and Waddington may be very excellent and moderate politicians, but they have no claim or title to represent the genuine Republican party which forms the backbone of the Left. The existing Ministry is almost exclusively composed of the ex-Orleanists, who have embraced Republicanism at the eleventh hour as a *pis aller*, in default of a second Monarchy of July. For the moment the Republicans proper have consented to forego their claims in favour of a clique who were personally less distasteful than themselves to the President. In so doing they have given proof of good sense and public spirit. But, in the long run, they will insist upon the admission to office of their own leaders and celebrities. It would be unfair to represent the desire of Republicans for the control of the Administration as a mere vulgar greed for place and power. People in this country are apt to forget that Republicanism in France represents a number of social and political theories of government, which may be sound or unsound in themselves, and

which their holders believe to be of vital importance. Unless a Republic carries out the principles of 1789, it possesses no value in the eyes of the great majority of French Republicans. So far, the Republic of M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon has done little or nothing to enforce these principles. The Republicans have recognised the paramount necessity of consolidating the new order of things, and have been willing to postpone the realization of their ideas to a more convenient season. But when once the defeat of the Monarchists is, or is thought to be, conclusive, their forbearance cannot be expected to be indefinitely prolonged. Thus, at no remote date, we may look forward to new and more important steps being taken towards the consolidation of the Republic in France. Upon the extent to which these steps are regulated by moderation, and in deference to the interests and even prejudices of the Conservative classes, the future of the Republic must in no small degree depend.

SOCIALIST REPRESSION IN GERMANY.

Prince Bismarck has decidedly no intention of accepting the result of the late elections as a defeat of his policy. Notwithstanding the panic caused by the crimes of Hödel and Nobiling, and the consequent attempt to identify the Liberal party with the excesses of Socialism; notwithstanding, too, the pressure which was exerted by the Administration, Germany has returned a Parliament not substantially different from that which refused to entertain the measures proposed by the Government for the suppression of Socialism. Under any other Constitutional system, such a response to an appeal to the constituencies would have settled the question in the negative. In Germany, however, the authority of Parliament is still very imperfectly recognised; and the only notice which the Government has yet taken of the recent elections has been the reintroduction of a new Bill, almost identical with that which the late Reichstag refused to accept, and for refusing to accept which it was sent about its business. The avowed object of the measure in question is to prevent the spread of Socialism. For this purpose it enacts that all associations, meetings, and publications which, in the opinion of the constituted authorities, are calculated to undermine the existing social order are prohibited by law. This prohibition, as we gather, is to extend over the whole area of the German Empire. The duty of determining what constitutes an offence against social order is to rest with the executive of each State; and an appeal is to lie from their decision to an Imperial Bureau nominated by the Central Government. The punishment for the offence of taking any action, either by speech or writing, calculated, in official opinion, to prove injurious to the interests of society is to extend from a fine to twelve months' imprisonment. It must be remembered that the offence in question is not that of taking part in a Socialist conspiracy, but of belonging to any association, or of being present at any meeting, the end and aim of which is the promotion of ideas deemed dangerous by the ruling classes. This, however, is not all. In order to make the net wide enough to catch all offenders who, either directly or indirectly, promote the cause of Socialism, a variety of summary powers are conferred upon the police by the Bill submitted to the Federal Council. Any person—if the terms of the Act are correctly reported—who professes the creed of Socialism may be forbidden to dwell in any place where his presence is thought to be undesirable by the police officials of the locality. On a similar charge, printers, booksellers, and inn-keepers, may be forbidden to carry on their trade, and thereby deprived of their means of livelihood. In other words, the Act proposes to invest the police with arbitary power to exile and ruin any person who, without having committed any crime of which the law can take hold, is still open, justly or unjustly, to the suspicion of entertaining Socialist ideas.

Not content with these extraordinary powers, the Bill confers on the executive the power of virtually proclaiming martial law at their own will and pleasure. In any place where the public safety is endangered through the machinations of the Socialists—a danger as to whose existence the Government is the sole judge—the Central authorities may, with the consent of the Federal Council, establish a state of siege for the space of one year. During this year no public meetings can be held without the express sanction of the police; no printed matter can be sold in the streets; all persons who are out of employment may be deported without trial, and the possession of arms is declared illegal except under strict regulations. These provisions are so extraordinary that we should be disposed to regard them as an idle invention if they were not vouched for by a trustworthy source, and if they were not also in exact conformity with the tenour of the Act introduced after the attempted assassination of the Emperor. It is clear that Prince Bismarck has not abandoned his belief in the possibility of stamping out Socialism by force. To effect this purpose any Socialist is to be given over bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of the police. Now, all experience has shown that persecution of this kind is powerless against ideas which have once taken a strong hold of the popular mind. Given the stake, the gibbet, and the thumb-screw, you may stamp out a creed in the end; but as long as your persecution stops short of actual torture it only encourages the evil it is intended to suppress. Oppression up to a certain point has a positive attraction for a large class of minds. If to attend Socialist meetings, to read Socialist works, to belong to Socialist clubs, are declared offences punishable by fine and imprisonment, the youth and energy of Germany will infallibly be attracted towards Socialist ideas. Moreover, the effect on the ignorant and half-educated masses cannot fail to be disastrous. The poor in Germany learn by bitter experience how hard their lot is; they know, too, that the Socialists attribute the misery they undergo to the defects of the system of society under which the ruling classes hold their power. When, therefore, the poor find that the mere propagation of Socialist doctrines is treated as an offence to be put down by the whole force of the law, they jump inevitably to the conclusion that in the triumph of Socialism lies the one hope for their own release from the hardships under which they suffer. If the system of repression by which Prince Bismarck intends to eradicate Socialism could be maintained for a generation, the certain consequence would be that Germany, at the end of the period, would be ripe for a revolution similar to that which France underwent in 1789.

In the interests, therefore, of society itself, it is most desirable that the German Parliament should refuse its sanction once more to this absurd and iniquitous legislation. It is exactly because we hold that the theories of Communism are false and dangerous that we deprecate any repressive measures which are likely to promote the growth of Socialist delusions. It is, however, difficult to believe that the great Chancellor is blind to the palpable results of his own policy. The reason which recommends this repressive legislation in the eyes of Prince Bismarck is the hold it would afford the Government of Berlin, not over the Socialists, but over the Liberals; and on this account it deserves the strenuous opposition of all Germans who have at heart the rights of individual liberty. If once police officers and local authorities are granted exceptional powers for the repression of Socialism, these powers are certain to be employed to put down any opposition which happens to be distasteful to the Government. The most objectionable feature of the new Act is not so much the severity of its provisions as the latitude it allows to the servants of the Government of determining what is or what is not dangerous to the welfare of society. Even in England we should be sorry to trust the most intelligent of chief constables and the most liberal of county magistrates with the power of deciding whether any doctrines are or are not subversive of moral order; and yet our own Justice Shallows and our Dogberrys are imbued with certain elementary instincts of justice and toleration which we should look for in vain amidst the bureaucrats of a continental administration. If this Socialist Repression Act should become law, there will be an end of all free political life in Germany. The Government will be enabled to put down with a high hand any open opposition to its policy. For instance, it would be easy to represent all resistance to the enormous blood tax raised under the existing military system of the Empire as instigated by Socialist ideas, and as being,

therefore, a source of peril to the State. We do not suspect Prince Bismarck of any wish to deprive the Germans of political liberty. He is too clear-sighted a man to believe that such a design is feasible or desirable. But we do attribute to him a resolution to carry out his military measures by any means in his power, and with an utter disregard to the effect these means may produce on the constitutional development of the Fatherland. On this very account it is all important that the German Liberals should stand up for the rights they have so hardly won. For the moment, their cause is closely allied with the defence of Socialism from illegal suppression; and, however little they may like their allies, they will be false to constitutional principles if they sanction the demand of the Government for a *loi des suspects* worthy of the worst days of the Napoleonic Empire.

THE SESSION.

Beginning its business two weeks earlier than usual, and continuing to sit for nearly a week beyond the Twelfth, when, hitherto, our legislators have always been free to devote themselves to their more important duties on the moors, Parliament closed yesterday one of the longest sessions on record. Even the authors of the Queen's Speech, however, were not able to give a good account of its proceedings. The shuffling document they had prepared treated chiefly, as was to be expected, of Eastern affairs. Her Majesty, it seems, is well pleased with the liberality shown by Parliament in voting all the money asked for by her Ministers; and, in return, she assures it that the money has been well spent in furtherance of her disinterested efforts to secure a lasting peace for Europe. The Vote of Credit at the beginning of the Session "contributed largely to a pacific solution of the difficulties which then existed," and the course since taken by the Government, and endorsed by Parliament, has secured a peace "satisfactory, and likely to be durable," and placed "the Ottoman Empire" in "a position of independence, which can be upheld against aggression." The "Defensive Convention with the Sultan," moreover, is to ensure the carrying out in Asia Minor of the reforms promised in 1852, but never yet effected, and thus everything has been done that was required "for securing the good government of those provinces." It is, happily for the Government, not customary to append a justification to Queen's speeches. If it were, even Lord Beaconsfield's ready wit would have been tried to provide it in this instance. As it is, the bold phrases in the Royal Message, which sum up the principal outcome of the Eastern policy of the Cabinet, are sufficient evidence that the Cabinet itself is beginning to feel doubtful as to the success of its exploits.

In the paragraphs of the Speech which refer to the legislative work of the year, nothing is said, of course, about the Government's failures in carrying out even the scanty programme which it put forward last January. To understand that, we must turn to the annals of the Session. The list of Bills laid before Parliament this year, and passed through their initial stages at any rate, comprises more than two hundred and fifty, and the Government was responsible for about a hundred of the number. A great many of them, however, were, of course, merely money bills and measures for the enforcement of provisional orders and the like, which, whether justifiable or not, claim no attention in a review of the legislative efforts and achievements of the session. The really important measures brought forward by the Government have been few enough, and those which have been turned into law can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. A sop, for which they will probably not be very grateful, has been given to the Scotch in the shape of the Roads and Bridges Act; and a sop, ingeniously contrived to amuse both Catholics and Presbyterians until they begin quarrelling over it, has been offered to the Irish in the Intermediate Education Act, with which, perhaps, the Irish Public Health Act ought to be coupled. A bribe has been provided for the clergy in the Bishoprics Act, and another bait has been thrown out for those members of the working classes who believe in paternal government by the passing of the Factories and Workshops Act. The Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, which was intended to be a similar bribe to the farmers, however, has only been passed through the House of Commons by help of so many sacrifices that it is robbed of nearly all its mischievous powers, and is not likely to give much satisfaction to its promoters and their patrons; and, when we have named the Highways Act, the Weights and Measures Act, and the Epping Forest Act, we have nearly exhausted the catalogue of Ministerial exploits. The Ministerial failures, if not as numerous, are enough to discredit the reputation of the Government for political tact and political honesty alike. The Bankruptcy Law Amendment Bill, once more exhibited in the Commons, and the Criminal Law Codification Bill, introduced in the Lords, were, of course, not meant to be passed; and the Attorney-General cut but a sorry figure when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was forced last Monday to promise that his Parliamentary Elections and Corrupt Practices Bill should be dealt with seriously next session. That the Bar Education and Discipline Bill has also been dropped by the Attorney-General is, perhaps, heartily to be regretted; but that the County Government Bill and the Valuation of Property Bill have been abandoned, after so much fuss has been made about them, is none the less a lamentable confession of weakness, because, in the forms in which they were presented to Parliament, they were quite unfit to be passed. While the Government business has been thus scamped in a House of Commons comprising an overwhelming majority of well-disciplined Ministerialists, it is not strange that the fate of measures in the hands of private members should have been even worse than usual. Among the very few that have been suffered to slip into the Statute Book, really the most noteworthy—excepting, of course, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which was virtually in charge of the Government—are Mr. Herschell's Matrimonial Causes Bill, Sir Charles Dilke's Parliamentary Elections (Metropolis) Bill, and—Sir John Lubbock's Dental Practitioners Bill! For the rest, nearly all the hobbies, good, bad, or indifferent, have received even less attention than usual, whether they have been such old acquaintances as the Permissive Bill or the Contagious Diseases Act Repeal Bill, or such newer projects as Mr. Herschell's Breach of Promise of Marriage Bill.

A session of Parliament need not, of course, be considered a wasted one merely because it has only contrived to turn a few Bills into Acts. Liberals who are not hobby-riders, as well as Conservatives, see that there is quite as much risk of legislation going on too rapidly as of its not being plentiful enough. Even much needed reforms had better be waited for, if by waiting for them we can get them perfect when they do come, instead of their being hurried on and stereotyped in an incomplete shape which it may be all the more difficult afterwards to amend. But a Parliament which, throughout a whole Session, neither does anything worth speaking of to mend abuses, nor throws any clear light on the way in which abuses should be remedied, is certainly self-condemned. Heaven forbid that we should say this of a parliamentary session in which Mr. Edward Jenkins has told us how to get rid of Ritualism, and Mr. Alexander Macdonald has reminded us that there ought to be no accidents in mines, and in which far abler men, from Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Fawcett, up to Mr. Gladstone, have discoursed with rare energy in favour of the principles of good government at home and international justice. Yet nothing is clearer in the records of this dead Session than the utter want of principle that it has shown. The Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury have proved that it is possible for men calling themselves gentlemen and statesmen to cheat or humbug their loyal supporters, as well as the outside public, whom they despise and flatter at the same time, without getting anything but applause from the great majority in the House of Commons and nearly the whole body of the House of Lords. Men of good reputation hitherto, like Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, have followed in their leader's steps, and yet the Government is able to boast, with some ground for its assertion, that it has the confidence of the country as well as of its Parliament. Of its Parliament, most certainly. The most notable, and, at the

same time, the most lamentable fact in the history of the Session is the abject surrender that "the representatives of the people" have made to the new-fangled "imperialism" of the Premier and his followers. Over the Eastern Question Parliament has allowed itself to be hoodwinked at every turn. Its prerogatives have been trampled under foot in order to revive the obsolete prerogatives of the Crown. Secret treaties have been made and warlike steps have been taken with unparalleled shamelessness, because the Government knew that whatever it chose to do would be sanctioned afterwards by its docile followers. Even the special function of the House of Commons, the control of the national finances, has been so set at defiance that the only wonder is the Cabinet thought it worth while, during the past two or three weeks, to submit to it its supplementary estimates and its schemes of ministerial financing at all, instead of discharging its "faithful Commons" in time to get the first shot at the grouse.

The great discredit that falls upon Parliament for what it has done and for what it has failed to do during the past Session falls, of course, especially on the Government and the Ministerialists. But the Liberals cannot be excused. It was their disorganisation chiefly that caused them to be so feebly represented in the present Parliament, and the same curse of disorganisation has hung over their representatives ever since the last general election, and prevented them from doing anything like as much good work as, even with their scanty numbers, they might have done this Session. Will they think over their shortcomings during the recess, and be prepared to see that better work is done while the Beer and Bible Parliament lasts, and that, whenever the next general election comes, it gives a very much better account of the political intelligence of the nation?

THE EXHAUSTION OF INDIA.

The spectacle of Nero fiddling amid the flames of Rome was scarcely more remarkable than the appearance presented by the House of Commons on Tuesday when Mr. Stanhope rose to introduce the Indian Budget. Honourable members were on the moors, or at Spithead, and, but for the accident of a Royal Commission, no House could have been "made." Just six representatives of the party who arrogate to themselves something like a monopoly of "the grand imperial spirit" graced with their presence the Ministerial benches. A statement intimately affecting the welfare of 200,000,000 human beings, the administration of whose affairs has, for better or worse, been assumed by England, was being made, and, with the exception of Mr. Fawcett, "the member for India," and a faithful knot of Radical friends, Mr. Stanhope, for any interest that was taken in his figures, might as well have spoken to the four walls. These figures, no rational being pondering them can deny, involve whatever of reality is implied by the dread phrase, "the safety of India." Twenty Russian occupations of Constantinople would do less to imperil our hold on Hindostan than a very brief persistence in the policy which has led to such budgets as it was Mr. Stanhope's business to unfold. The Indian Admistration is steadily pushing on towards an inevitable "imperial" bankruptcy, the consequences of which are altogether too appalling to contemplate. It was actually a subject for serious congratulation that Mr. Stanhope was able to impart to the House the cheering information that not more than 1,400,000 persons had died of hunger in Madras and Bombay! The cost of recent famines in Bengal and Southern India has, according to Sir John Strachey, amounted to £16,000,000, involving a permanent charge of £640,000 per annum on the already stationary revenue of the country. Mr. Stanhope knows all that; but, like Under-Secretaries in general, and Tory Under-Secretaries in particular, he is of a hopeful disposition. "It was to be hoped," he observed, "that after the terrible cycle of years of famine which had been gone through, Providence was now about to bestow the blessings of plenty on the country, and thus conduce to the prosperity and happiness of the people of India." We have all heard of the despairing ejaculation of the missionary who, in a storm at sea, being told by the captain that there was nothing for it but trust in Providence, exclaimed, with genuine alarm, "Has it really come to that?" The missionary believed more in the nautical resources and energy of the captain than in the clemency of Providence; and so it is with the people of India. The British Government is the providence to whom they look for assistance in their dire distress. It is our own fault that we are there, and we must abide the consequences. We are in reality embarked on "a sea of troubles," which may, when we least expect it, engulf the vessel of the State and strew the face of the waters with the *disjecta membra* of British authority in the East.

The newest thing in the development of our "imperial" policy is the institution by the Indian Administration of a permanent Famine Fund. A compulsory life-insurance rate, amounting to £1,500,000 per annum in the aggregate, is to be levied on the people during "years of plenty"—when are there years of plenty in India?—in order that there may be something in store when drought comes and gaunt famine knocks at the door. A paternal Government, finding its subjects improvident or helpless, has resolved to stand between them and the natural consequences of their conduct. In the last stages of Rome's decay the masses looked to their Emperor for *Panem et circenses*, and when the allowance made them was unsatisfactory they turned on "divine Cæsar" and rent him. That the British Government should accept as inevitable obligations to the poverty-stricken millions of India hardly less onerous than those incurred by the Roman emperors, repugnant to every sound principle of finance, and subversive of every ascertained rational relation between governor and governed, is a fresh and striking proof that great organic changes cannot be far off. It is simply preposterous to regard Indian famines as calamities of at all exceptional occurrence. The commonest observation of the every-day life-in-death of at least 150,000,000 of our Indian fellow-subjects is enough to satisfy any intelligent and unprejudiced mind that these terrible catastrophes are bound to be the rule rather than the exception. The poverty of the masses is almost fabulous, and every year their condition becomes worse and worse. Mr. Fawcett spoke the literal truth when he said a penny of taxation in India was as heavy as a pound in England. Admitting all that can be said, or ever has been said, as to the benefits which British rule has conferred on India, no afflatus of "the grand Imperial spirit" can ever conceal the damaging fact that, for a country so steeped in poverty, our Government is almost absurdly costly. In 1858, when the Crown succeeded to the inheritance of the East India Company, the debt of India was only some 59,000,000*l.* Since then, in twenty years' time—a brief space in the life of any people—we have *quadrupled* that amount. The charge for interest on this vast accumulation, including the interest due under railway guarantees, is now over 11,000,000*l.* In 1858 this charge amounted to very little over two millions and a half. Of this enormously-increased burden Productive Works nominally meet about 3,700,000*l.*; the remainder has to be raised by augmented taxation. The deficits for the last three years ('76-77, '77-78, and '78-79), actual and estimated, amount to 15,500,000*l.*, viz., five, eight, and two-and-a-half millions in the respective periods. The above sums include deficits arising from what is flatteringly styled Productive Works Capital Expenditure; but, as the expenditure on the works is certain, and the produce is almost wholly in expectation—we might even say *in nubibus*—there is no reason perceptible to any other than an official mind why such a palpable juggle as is involved in a separation of the minus quantities should be longer tolerated. There is some faint hope of the guaranteed railways eventually paying; but, as for the State railways, they are military roads, for which the people of India must be taxed just as they are for the maintenance of the English Army of occupation, and the barracks which it occupies. The truth of the matter is, good as railways are in an opulent and busy mart and workshop like England, they afford far too expensive a means of locomotion for an inert population like that of India, always living up to its last handful of rice. Costly improvements, however good in themselves, are utterly out of place in India. The very virtues of our Government at home are almost vices in the East. The *Pax*

Britannica has established order in India, but at what a cost! Of the 40,000,000*l.* which, after deducting the expense of collection, is all that we can wring from the taxes, close on a half is spent on the Army, the other 20,000,000*l.* having to defray all the charges of the Civil Administration. A more hopeless state of things it is impossible to imagine. We are in this dilemma. We cannot govern our great dependency cheaply if we would. "Cheap and nasty" officials, whether soldiers or civilians, would speedily kindle such flames of revolt as no efforts could quench, and the last state of Hindostan would be worse than the first. On the other hand, if the present efficient but costly administration is to be persevered with, a time will come when, the orange having been sucked to the rind, the people must either perish of famine, not by the two or three, but by the twenty or thirty millions; or we must transfer to our own bowed shoulders, in a great measure, the heavy burden of Oriental debt. "Let it once be known," says Mr. A. J. Wilson, in his excellent work on 'The Resources of Modern Countries,' "that we are not civilising India, but exhausting it; that we are not elevating the races there, but debasing them; that the trade of India is not for its people, but for ourselves; and that, year by year, our rulers there are piling for us a fearful account, which will have one day to be settled, and there is yet enough manhood among us to cause the national policy to be reversed, and to make us set this great dependency free." After the hurricane of Jingoism which has just swept over the country, it is much to be feared that we will persist in the error of our ways, gagging the Vernacular Press, and seating ourselves defiantly on the safety-valve of native opinion, regardless of the plainest dictates of prudence, until, at last, India, "the brightest gem in the Crown," rise in another terrible agony of endeavour to drive us out for ever. Mr. Stanhope trusts that Providence, having sorely tried India in the past, will deal more pleasantly with her in the future. We fear, on the contrary, taking into account the true significance of the financial tale he had to tell on Tuesday, that it may be among the inscrutable designs of Providence to punish England with India and India with England as few countries have been chastised. The temporary frenzy of Jingoism had a marked family resemblance to the madness with which the gods first afflict those whom they desire to destroy.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

With what precise object the review of the special fleet which has been stationed for some weeks past under the command of Admiral Key has been held by Her Majesty it is not easy to see. Both as regards the object of the review and the ships reviewed it is difficult to suggest any reasonable explanation. Possibly, it may have been thought a worthy conclusion to a remarkable series of Imperial manifestations; or, possibly, there may have been a dim idea lurking in some one's breast that a formal review would be a fitting way of ending the career of a fleet for whose existence except for purposes of show there has never apparently been any sufficient reason. But, as a last manifestation of Imperialism, or as an exhibition of the strength of our fleet, this review seems to us to be both inappropriate and useless. To send such a fleet as is now lying off Cyprus and in the Sea of Marmora up the Dardanelles, to call native troops from India, and to order out the Home Reserves, were each and all significant and intelligible demonstrations of strength; they were, moreover, executed at a time when their force was to be felt, and, in being felt, was intended to serve certain ends. And, if they served to secure the special end—"Peace with Honour"—for which it is presumed they were intended, all else is so much surplusage—so much waste of powder and shot—and is certainly meaningless if not a little unnecessary.

Unfortunately, moreover, not only was the object of this naval review a little obscure, but the review itself was still more obscure. "Wind and weather permitting" is as good and as necessary a proviso in regard to naval reviews as every other kind of water expedition, and might have been introduced with advantage by the Admiralty in issuing their invitations for Tuesday last. As it was, though crowds went down to Portsmouth and availed themselves of the accommodation which was provided, they saw little, and knew less of what they saw. Even the big guns, fired as a salute to Her Majesty, were not heard—a south-westerly breeze, freshening into a gale, carrying their sound and their smoke far away from the eyes and ears of spectators. So the review was no review at all, except in the most formal meaning of the term. To be sure, there was the *Eurydice* to be seen, which was visited generally by every steamer freighted with visitors. It was darkly hinted the day before, to more than one who was behind the scenes, that it was intended, as the time for lunch drew near, to take certain of the most popular vessels to see this wreck; and, as one of the papers remarks, "it was impossible to resist a deep feeling of pain as the helpless hull, lying partly out of water, hove in sight." In a very much more material sense than this correspondent intends, we do not doubt for a moment the justice of his remarks, any more than we doubt Tuesday being the worst sort of day for a landsman to visit the coast where the *Eurydice* lies. But, on the whole, those who went seem to have enjoyed themselves and found the chance of spending a day on the water, under favourable conditions and with a fair excuse, sufficient compensation for any discomfort the rain and wind may have caused them. For, though it rained and blew, there were not many absentees among the invited guests on board the numerous passenger ships employed for the entertainment of visitors; while the self-invited guests who lined the shore and the pier at Southsea were fairly numerous. For a naval review is undeniably popular. Let it be ever so small, ever so poor, ever so unaccountable, the review of a few of Her Majesty's ships is sure of a certain amount of success. Ask the crews of the Channel Squadron of their reception round the coast, and they will say that their visits are welcomed in the heartiest way. Why? Simply because the Navy is undeniably a most popular service; and, whether it be a single sailor cruising about with a telescope under his arm at a coast-guard station near some favourite watering place, or a gunboat executing some very unimportant commission, the interest each excites is unmistakable. So this review at Portsmouth, though unassuming and in some respects even uninteresting, excited a lively amount of interest, and induced a large body of people to brave a large amount of discomfort to have an opportunity of taking part in it. It is true some of the vessels were powerful, and others were novel, but a large number were obsolete, and for any serious purpose of war almost valueless. An ironclad, it is true, is an ironclad; but ironclads differ remarkably, and some of those which looked the handsomest on Tuesday were amongst the least powerful and the most useless.

In examining the constitution of this fleet closely, it will be seen that it was very varied in character. With the view, however, of endeavouring to reduce it to some common basis of appreciation, some writers, we notice, treat it statistically, and tell us the weight of its ordnance, of its armour, or of its tonnage combined. Of the fallacy of such a mode of treatment we need say but little. In the present day each ship stands, to a certain extent, on its own merits, and its weight, or the weight of the metal it carries, is no exact measure of its value as a man-of-war. The *Boadicea*, one of the swiftest and most beautiful unarmoured frigates in the Navy, weighs four thousand tons, and carries sixteen guns; but the *Prince Albert*, a turret-ship rather feeble in character, has about the same tonnage, and carries only four guns; while the *Belleisle*, one of the most powerful ironclads recently purchased for the Navy, has a displacement of 700 tons more than these two vessels, carries four guns only, and yet is a class of vessel which has nothing in common with either, and is incomparably superior to both. To treat such a fleet as this statistically can, therefore, be only misleading. The only chance of arriving at any idea of its strength or value is to examine each class of vessel, if not each vessel, separately, and form an opinion on the result. But to assume weight as a good basis of calculation might as well be employed in the House of Commons as a measure of the intellectual or statesmanlike capacity of honourable members as to use it in criticising our modern fleets. As far as the show of ironclads was concerned, we think we should be exaggerating if we claimed any

importance for more than four; but of these four, the *Thunderer*, *Glatton*, *Belleisle*, and *Hercules*, there can be no doubt. They are powerful fighting ships and form a powerful element in the Navy. But, when we come to the rest, though more imposing in numbers and more graceful in appearance, they do but represent, after all, a weak element, and would be of doubtful value in any serious engagement. The *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Lord Warden*, *Warrior*, *Penelope*, *Resistance*, and *Prince Albert*, serve rather to mark the rapid degeneration of a modern fleet than any warlike purpose. As to the *Gorgon*, *Hecate*, *Hydra*, and *Cyclops*, which were built for coast defence, it has been said that the less they have to do with the defence of the coasts the better, and that their safety is by no means assured were they to attempt to cruise from one port to another without proper nurses. However, there they are; they are ironclads, and, though inferior to many we have at present afloat on foreign stations, are quite as good as many possessed by most foreign Powers. The unarmoured portion of the fleet was excellent; the *Euryalus* and the *Boadicea* represent our best class of cruisers, though it is a pity the steel ship *Iris* was not with them, and a still greater pity that one of Mr. Smith's converted merchantmen was not also included. The two torpedo boats, too, darting round and round the fleet like gulls, were a noticeable feature, as were also the three gunboats which have been recently added to the Navy.

Altogether, in spite of the weakness of this fleet as a whole, its demonstration at Southsea may not be without a value. It is something to know that, while we are maintaining ostentatiously powerful fleets abroad, we have a fleet at home picked up almost hap-hazard, which is equal in power to the entire navy of many a foreign Power; and, as the country is proud of its Navy and grudges no expense on its maintenance, a review now and then, even on a small scale, is sure to be popular and is not unreasonable.

THE HARD CASE OF THE RESERVES.

The sudden demobilisation of the Reserves will lead, we fear, to a good deal of severe distress before the labour market absorbs the additional supply thus abruptly thrown upon it. These well-deserving men have just cause of complaint that they were not given due warning of the fate in store for them. Had they received, say, a couple of months' notice, they would have had time to look about for employment of one sort or another. This interval has not been afforded to them, and the consequence is that a certain number stand face to face with a prospect of absolute destitution at no late date, through no fault of their own. Here is how the case stands in many instances. We will suppose a Reserve man to have been engaged in some commercial capacity of a subordinate sort, such as an assistant in a shop. He has, let us say, a wife and three young children, and the salary he earns suffices to maintain them in respectability and reasonable comfort. Such is the position of affairs when the edict of mobilisation receives publication. Regretting the necessity and the sacrifices it entails, but determined to do his duty, our Reserve man joins the colours forthwith, leaving his family to manage as best they may on the Government allowance of seven shillings a-week, eked out by whatever small sums the bread-winner might be able to save from his pay. An unpleasant change, truly; but the worst part of it remains to be told. The time during which the Reserves would remain embodied being uncertain, the man's employer had to look about for some one else to do his work, and the vacant post was accordingly filled up. This sketch represents the state of affairs at that date with sufficient accuracy to be accepted as typical in a large number of instances. Passing from the past to the present, the situation has become even more serious for these men. On the 31st of July, their family allowances ceased, leaving them with no other means of subsistence than the Reserve pay of fourpence per diem. It is true this pittance may be drawn in advance for the present quarter, but, in the case of a married man with a family, the amount will not suffice to drive the wolf from the door for many weeks. His sole chance of keeping out of the workhouse consists in his obtaining immediate employment, and, unfortunately, there seems only too good reason for fearing that the labour market is not in a position at present to supply his needs.

Taking the First Class Army Reserve, we find that out of the men who lately joined the colours about 4,000 were employed as farm labourers, and nearly an equal number in trade and analogous occupations. Owing to the progress of harvesting operations just now, and the permanent demand for agricultural labour, the former class will probably be absorbed readily enough. But the autumn is the very worst season in the whole year for people desirous of obtaining commercial employment. Shopkeepers, for instance, are more disposed to diminish than to increase the number of their *employés* at a time when customers cease from buying and weary assistants are at rest. The probability is, therefore, that no immediate opening will be found for the Reserve men who were formerly engaged in trading pursuits. During a recent discussion in the House of Lords, several peers, the Duke of Cambridge among them, laid great emphasis on the duty of employers to reinstate these men in their former positions. An odd specific, truly, inasmuch as it would necessitate the discharge of those who have filled the places of the Reserve men since the latter were called out. It is very easy to talk about patriotism, and to insinuate that employers will show themselves lamentably deficient in that virtue unless they immediately take back their old hands. It is not equally easy to understand the mental process by which so strange a conclusion is reached. If unmerited hardships have fallen upon the now disbanded Reserves, if they have proved themselves to deserve well of their country, both by their alacrity in joining at the first summons, and by their admirable conduct while with colours, if it would be a shame and a disgrace to England to force them and their families into the workhouse—granting these hypotheses, the duty of affording relief clearly rests on the nation at large, and not on any particular class. The Duke of Buccleuch deserves some credit for giving expression to this common sense view in opposition to the preposterous theory that employers exclusively ought to accept the responsibility.

At the meeting of the men which was held last Saturday, some sense and a considerable quantity of nonsense found utterance. Finally, however, two resolutions were passed appealing for general aid and sympathy in the present emergency, and supplicating the public "to help the Reserve men to reinstate themselves in their former positions." We do not quite see how the public are to afford any effectual assistance in this latter respect, but we heartily endorse the appeal for sympathetic consideration generally, until the evil hour has passed away. It stands to reason that there must be room for these men, inasmuch as their former berths were not filled by foreign immigrants, but by English people who, again, had to vacate other posts. Somewhere or other, therefore, there must be work waiting for their hands, and we make no doubt they will find it, provided they seek diligently, and are not too exacting in their requirements. We would strongly recommend them to get rid of the delusive notion about being "reinstated in their former positions." That obligation clearly does not rest upon society, which is only responsible that certain meritorious public servants are given employment of a sufficiently remunerative sort to keep them off the parish. It is of the highest importance to banish all these miserable fallacies about the "right" of reinstatement and the "patriotic" duty of employers. Whatever course is adopted now, will become established as a precedent, and it is even possible that the late mischievous discussion in the Lords has already exercised something of an effect in this direction. There is a very close similarity between the vain talk at Saturday's meeting about the "right of reinstatement" and the hard-heartedness of employers, and what fell from certain peers a short time back. A grievance has also been proclaimed because some employers have offered to take back Reserve men into their employ on lower wages than the latter formerly received. What hardship, what unfairness, is there in this? The labour market has become overstocked all of a sudden, prices have fallen, and employers naturally endeavour to supply their own requirements as cheaply as

possible. If any real good is to be done for these men, the first thing is to clear their minds and that of the public from cant. Their case is quite hard enough to stand on its own merits, and any attempt to represent them as martyrs because they do not regain the exact positions they held previous to mobilisation can only injure a good cause.

The culpability of Government for giving the demobilisation order without due warning cannot be either excused or extenuated. The Ministerial plea will probably be that to maintain the Reserves with the colours after the clouds of war had disappeared would have imposed an unfair burden on the taxpayer. And it will be urged that longer notice was impossible, because the question of peace or war hung in the balance until the Congress had concluded its labours. Now, the cost of keeping the Reserves enrolled for, say, a couple of months after the end of July, would have formed an altogether insignificant addition to the huge Supplementary Estimates. If, however, this was too much to expect from a Government which combines "Imperial" extravagance with home miserliness, surely it might have afforded the modest outlay needed to continue the family allowances of the married men for a further term. Apart from considerations of humanity and justice, it is evident that the wide-spread discontent now prevailing among the Reserves will hereafter operate as a deterrent to recruiting. The Commander-in-Chief lately expressed a strong conviction to this effect, and his judgment is not likely to go astray on a matter with which he is, perhaps, more closely acquainted than any other person in England. If the event proves as his Royal Highness predicts, the ill-judged parsimony of the Government towards these deserving soldiers, coupled with the want of consideration shown in the precipitate arrangements for demobilisation, will sooner or later entail upon the country the necessity of again increasing the soldier's pay, in order to attract men into the ranks. There was a good deal of bungling when the Reserves were first called out; there was more and worse while they were serving with the colours. But the worst of all was kept for their disbandment, as if for the very purpose of scattering the men broadcast through the country, with bitter disappointment in their hearts, a rankling sense of injustice in their minds, and well-founded complaints on their lips.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE.

Unless to a man of superabundant brass, the Presidency of the British Association must be an office of no great pleasure. He must be convinced that he is playing a hollow part. While affecting to be the chairman of an assembly for "the advancement of science," he knows well that in reality he reigns over a mass either of gregarious garrulity or of people who regard the whole affair as simply one gigantic series of pic-nics, "excursions," and *soirées*. There are, we believe, traditions of a time when the British Association was a real Parliament of Science, when the majority of its members thought of something else than amusing the few cackling old women and solemn lads who escort them, and fill the section room, or when a scramble for the funds of the Association at the close of the meeting was not the aim of the score or so of scientific men who, outside the officers of the gathering, constitute the backbone of the concern. But that must have been at a very remote period, for the oldest inhabitant can never remember when this autumnal peripatetic palaver was ever much better than it is at present. The members number often over 2,000, and no further qualification is necessary for the honour of being an "M.B.A.F.T.A.O.S." than paying down to a clerk in the room a sum varying from twenty shillings to three pounds sterling. Even were there a form of election—as one might suppose, from reading their rules, there was—it is intellectually impossible that the 2,000 people can be all scientific, or even endowed with a taste for science. To them we may apply the criticism that the First Napoleon did to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, when Basil Hall told him that it numbered over 300 Fellows—"Then it is certain that they are not all *savants*." It is perfectly certain that the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" is not scientific; in fact, we should say that about one-half of the members and associates are either ladies or the gallants who dangle after them; about one-quarter more are musty old souls who have all their lives dabbled in political economy, the inclined plane, and the compound lever, collected beetles, or made life unendurable to their families with chemical experiments. The "balance," as the Americans would say, is made up of a few steady *habitués* fond of figuring as presidents, secretaries, or committee-men of sections—good-natured souls who love cakes and ale, and junketing generally, when partaken in scientific company and at other men's expense; a score or two of gentlemen keen after the "grants," as the division of the plunder is officially termed, and who devote all their energies to "lobbying" through some favourite attack on the treasury; the local doctors, mayor, and aldermen; and a few parsons who loath the whole concern, but must attend, lest the lambs of the flock might learn deadly things which they wot not of. Science in such a mob is out of the question. One might as well address political philosophy to a Trafalgar-square public meeting, or to a Conservative Association. Nor does anybody attempt it.

The President gives an address; the Sectional Chairmen do the same. A fussy man, somewhere from Devonshire, tells for the fifteenth or sixteenth time about a cave in which he or somebody else has found all manner of nasty things—bones, flints, and the rest of it, and the ladies giggle at his small jokes, while the simple-minded men, armed with "papers," gnash their gums at having to cork their wisdom so long. Then a stumpy little placeman, from the British Museum, in a very self-satisfied manner, presents a report about something which interests nobody except himself, and another placeman who entertains opposite views, and is apparently prepared to contest the point. Next a garrulous old gentleman has a great deal to say to the ladies, with whom he is a favourite. He accordingly addresses himself to them, and is, for the space of one hour, offensively egotistical and self-laudatory. The man who has views on the stumpy man's report has them out. The stumpy man replies, and the garrulous old gentleman also says something, the three disputants being apparently of old standing, and with their jokes and rejoinders as well arranged as the "conundrums" of the corner-men in the Christy Minstrels. Then the men with papers rise. But they have nobody to listen to them. Nobody in the British Association ever listens to anybody else unless he intends to "reply" to him. A few strong-minded ladies hopelessly hang on; but as there is nothing nasty, heterodox, atheistic, or "funny," they also leave. Meantime, the President is reminding the paper-reader that lunch-time is coming on, and that he really must leave for an excursion to Muggins' Bone Cavern, or for Lady Dundreary's garden party. All the time the unhappy *savant* who used to believe in "Section A of the Association" is fated to see the ladies and their escort hurrying over the College Quadrangle to Section D, where dear, delightful Professor Grumpins is going to be quite awfully blasphemous, or to Section E, where the latest African traveller proposes to tell a lie of more than ordinary magnitude about the Chew-em-up tribe of Negroes, and their family arrangements.

Before such a well-dressed mob, Mr. William Spottiswoode, one of the first mathematicians of the age, a great printer, but a greater geometer, rose. To an audience cloyed with the flashy rhetoric and popularised discoveries of other men—as in times past they too often have been—he calmly discoursed on quaternions, fluxions, imaginary quantities, manifold space, and "geometry not according to Euclid." They came to hear something that would make the parson's few grey hairs go erect in sorrow to the grave. But, instead, this soulless man of science discoursed on matter continuous or discrete, the calculus of operations, special cases of the sphere, and "the limit to which a sphere approaches when its radius is increased without limit." It was all very learned, but it must be confessed that it was very dull likewise. Once a few young gentlemen from Oxford and the sister University awoke when the learned president pictured "an ideal future, when science and art shall walk hand in hand, led by a willing minister into the green pastures of the

endowment of research"—which was just what Mr. Spottiswood's penultimate predecessor did *not* picture, and declined to hear of. Then, with a groan, they fell asleep again when he—an admirable specimen of the *savant* whose research is not endowed—considered that "the wisest policy, for the present, at all events, will be"—to go on as they are doing at present; that is, without extending outdoor relief to the noisy "researchers" who are too lazy to work at their calling. There was in all the discourse not one word of heterodoxy, or an expression which could have offended even Mr. Egerton Hubbard, M.P. A seine net drawn through the Dublin Concert Room would not have entangled a single blush, though it might have returned laden with yawns, and possibly something verbally worse. And here we may express our surprise that the committee can arrange for such somniferous addresses so early after dinner and so soon before bed? Yet we are glad that Mr. Spottiswoode, by delivering such an address as he did, entered a protest, one hour and a half in length, against the condition into which the Association has so rapidly sunk. He may be well aware that it is a mere scientific outing; that he is talking to a congregation of more or less scientific people at play. But, so long as he is styled the President of a Scientific Association, he owes it to himself, and the University of which he is so distinguished a member, to the dignity of science, and to the reputation he bears, that he should not imitate some of his predecessors by making his opening address a mere *ad captandum* bid for popularity, newspaper discussion, pamphlets, and parson's polemics. Not, of course, that this kind of thing can last. It may do well enough for a while to imitate the Marchioness in her scientific use of the imagination, and call orange peel and pump water wine, yet there will come a time when the delusion will end. To use an Americanism, "the bottom will fall out of the thing;" and that period has almost arrived.

Year after year the Association is getting less and less scientific, and—what is a far more important question to those who look upon the state of the funds as the aim and end of its meetings—is getting less and less attended, even by the heterogeneous company who have now taken possession of the concern. Dublin threatens to be both a scientific, social, and financial failure, just as Plymouth was. The members have got pampered. They require pressing to "visit" places, and the pressing they get only half heartedly. They like provincial towns where "hospitality" is lavish, and of late free dinners and gratuitous lodgings have been painfully scanty. "The Association" is therefore disgusted, and the membership falls off. Then, it demands that any town it goes to shall subscribe some 2,000*l.* as a "guarantee fund." Of late, also, the enraged local magistrates have discovered that this "guarantee" is no mere form, but that, in fact, it constitutes a little bill which they endorse, and have to pay at its maturity. Now, we have an immense respect for strict science, and an equal admiration for the same kind of learning popularised. But we like neither this kind of science, nor that kind of popularisation. The truth is, that the association has outlived its usefulness after its original design. The world has greatly altered in forty-seven years. Railways have enabled men who, half a century ago, passed their lives in country towns or in the country itself, to run up to London in a few hours, while posts, telegraphs, and telephones have revolutionised the old modes of communication. Scientific journals have, moreover, multiplied to such an extent that a specialist, be he even a "Scarabæist," can, in a few days, send broadcast over the world any discovery which he thinks it important the world should know of. Accordingly, nobody now thinks of keeping an important fact for the special delectation of the British Association; and indeed, the Association, publishing only the briefest abstracts of the papers read in the Sections, has made no provision for these discoveries being either preserved or disseminated. It is incumbent, therefore, that the Association, should it wish to continue in even the form of a scientific body, should at once make up its corporate mind either to be grimly scientific or entirely popular on a new and wider basis. If it selects the former, the society must be strictly representative, the delegates being selected by the regular learned societies. In this case, its deliberations would have weight, and its decision something like finality. On the other hand, there is a wider and a nobler field open to it, should it decide to devote itself to the popularisation of science. The task would be a worthy one, and one, moreover, in which the brightest abilities might find a fitting arena for their exercise. In this case, the lectures now delivered would require to be more frequent than they are, the *soirées* more scientific *conversazione*, and the whole machinery modified. The men who look upon the meeting as an outing could then have it with a clear conscience. The hunters after "society" and free lodgings, scientific lords, and aristocratic blue stockings, might pursue such game to their little souls' content; while even the naturalists who, under the name of "Red Lions," grunt, groan, growl, and play the jackass generally, could grunt, and groan, and growl louder and more absurdly than ever at their tavern feeds. The Germans have long ago seen the advisability of what we now counsel, and their annual meeting of naturalists and physicians is not held in the town where "hospitality" is freest, but where ignorance is densest. There the multitudinous professors and "*wissenschaftliche*" people generally work, and wassail, and carouse, careless of "society," grants, or dinner-cards. One thing is perfectly certain, and that is, that the present sensational kind of business will not draw much longer. The managers of that show called the British Association cannot always attract custom by clutching hold of some notoriety of the hour and publishing him prominently in the bills. Mr. Sherrick, much against the advice of F. B., insisted on "running" Lady Whitlesea's Chapel with Mr. Rawkins, "an able man, but not a good Churchman," and "it spoilt the shop, sir." At one time the British Association people tried—rather successfully, too—to "run" their "shop" with able men but bad Churchmen; and, now that they have experimented with good Churchmen but dull preachers, they find business falling off. It is plain that they must try a new departure.

THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE LEVANT.

The Cyprus Correspondent of the *Daily News* has never heard of the "Robin Hood of the Levant." Otherwise, he would, perhaps, have described in somewhat different terms the interview which he lately had with that once popular hero. As it was, he could only compare him—in the picturesque style of special correspondents—to "a Turkish Sam Weller," with "an easy but jaunty attitude," and "a leery but not ungenial air," and as "an affable worthy," who could "hit his broad chest a great blow," or "strike an attitude expressive of modest assurance," according to the nature of the impression he wished to leave on the spectator's mind. That, in short, was the Turkish Sam Weller's dumb-show appeal to the High Commissioner's pity. Sam was starving in the prison of Famagosta, and, as a captive of twenty-five years' standing he was all the less able to endure the hardship. It is satisfactory to know that "Sir Garnet"—as the writer loves to call him, in his "easy but jaunty" and familiar manner—directed Sam's goalers to grant him his "pittance." Had "Sir Garnet" been acquainted with Sam's real antecedents, he would, no doubt, have followed up that act of humanity by giving Sam his liberty. Like the Special Correspondent, however, he looked upon Sam as a mere ordinary brigand and cut-throat, with a trick of throwing himself into stage-villain attitudes. In this light it may be interesting to compare the Correspondent's account with another furnished by an interviewer of a considerably different type—viz., Signor Cesnola, the author of the admirable work on the Antiquities of Cyprus, and, for a long period, American Consul in that island. The little incident occurred some five or six years ago, on or near the very spot described by the Correspondent, and in the course of a walk during which Cesnola was explaining to two lady friends some points in the history and archæology of the place. One of the ladies, observing a scarlet creeper that grew on the parapet, expressed her desire to possess a specimen of it. "To our astonishment," says the narrator, "a short, broad-shouldered man, who had remained always near our party, and with whose commanding presence

and fine, manly face we had all been struck, sprang to the parapet with the agility of a cat, broke off some of the blossoms, and, returning, presented a spray to each of the ladies with all the grace of a courtier. To their horror, as he did so, they observed for the first time that he was shackled with heavy iron links from the wrist to the ankle. His large, sad blue eyes and hair prematurely streaked with grey, seemed to plead in his favour, and, on inquiring his crime, we learned that he was no less a personage than Katterdji Janni, the Robin Hood of the Levant." Janni's whole demeanour during the scene was in contrast with his "leery"-ness when the Correspondent saw him; but, then, evil communications corrupt good manners, and the man had spent the hey-day of his life in the prison that confined the very worst criminals of Turkey and the Levant. His performance would, no doubt, tell very well on the stage, but we should decline to call it "stagey;" we should rather regard it as the act of a gentleman, and fully in harmony with all that Cesnola relates of poor Katterdji Janni's career. Woman, as all the world knows, is at the bottom of most tragedies, and she it was who first led Katterdji into evil ways. When a young man, living in Smyrna, he fell in love with his master's daughter, planned an elopement, but was discovered in time by the irate father, who clapped his intending son-in-law into prison. Escaping, he turned bandit, and ruled the road between Smyrna and Aleppo. Cesnola says that about the time of the Crimean war a body of English soldiers, with five hundred Turks, were sent in search of Katterdji; and, on the other hand, the Correspondent tells us how Lord John Hay—not "Lord John," for a wonder—"with happy fertility of memory, recollected that about a quarter of a century ago he had been engaged in the official pursuit of a robber in Syria, who, no doubt, was Mr. Katargi, under an *alias*." In one sense, however, Robin Hood never needed an *alias*. He was too great a favourite for that. Nobody would betray him. He never murdered, nor allowed his followers to do it. But, like his Sherwood prototype, he was fond of easing fat, comfortable travellers of their purses, and liberally relieving the destitute with the proceeds. Hundreds of portionless young girls about to be married were, it is said, dowered by this romantic brigand. Was this poor Janni's sentimental way of paying some tribute to the memory of the young lady at Smyrna? If Janni robbed, he did it like a gentleman. If he wanted to appropriate a supper for himself and his starving companions, he would sit patiently until his terrified hosts had first eaten theirs, and then depart quietly with the intimation that the latter might thenceforth travel the country without dread of inteference, for that "Katterdji Janni never forgot a kindness." Wearied, perhaps, of his lawless life, he voluntarily surrendered, on the understanding that his punishment would be confined to exile in Cyprus. But, in consequence of the protests of a Frenchman, who had perhaps been victimised by him at Smyrna, Janni was taken to Constantinople, "and there, in a small cell, he was chained to a wall, like a wild beast, for seven years." He was then removed to the fortress at Famagosta, where some one interceded for him, with the result that, in 1869, Janni's fetters were replaced by much lighter ones, "measuring five inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick." Janni was, as we have seen, ornamented in that fashion when he gallantly jumped on the parapet to pluck the scarlet creeper for the two ladies. Once more, Mrs. Cesnola pleaded for the engaging and interesting prisoner, and in 1873 Governor Aziz Pasha, whose humanity in other ways had long won the hearty recognition of the foreign Consuls, ordered "Robin Hood" to be accommodated with fetters of a still lighter pattern. If Cesnola's story be the true version, its moral is obvious. Janni was a great rogue, no doubt, and he richly deserved the heaviest fetters to be had at the ironmongers'. But he was neither a mean, nor a cruel, nor—according to the Smyrniote standard of morality—a rascally rogue; he was simply the "Robin Hood of the Levant." Besides, a bargain is a bargain; and, according to Cesnola's account of the terms of his surrender, "Robin" ought now to be "exiled" *in* Cyprus, without delay. His release by Sir Garnet Wolseley would be a dramatic sequel to the Cyprian expedition and occupation, itself a stagey affair. The Premier, at all events, might be trusted to perceive the harmony of this proposal with the incidents of the Imperial melodrama.

THE WATERS OF WILDBAD IN THE WÜRTEMBERG BLACK FOREST.

Among the many surprising things that fall under the notice of a stranger making his first appearance at a German bathing place of any reputation, not the least remarkable, perhaps, is the officially-authorised report of the waters, which now seems to form part and parcel of the German bath system. The drinking of mineral waters and attendance at thermal springs have, as we all know, been developed in Germany into a national *culte*, in which all the prescribed duties and regulations are reduced to a system, organised and presided over by learned doctors. Such an organisation must necessarily present some strange features; and of these, as we have already remarked, one of the most striking is the document which undertakes to define, with all the precision of an audited balance in a debit and credit account, the exact relations existing between each constituent of the waters and some form or other of disease. As these nicely balanced calculations not unfrequently deal with highly complicated chemical combinations, and rarely fail to include most of the ordinary forms of illness, the first impression produced on the mind after reading through these tables is one of wonder, amounting to awe, that, in those incalulably far-off times, when mineral waters were being concocted, mother-nature should have provided a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to before flesh had made its appearance on the face of the earth.

Thermal springs have known many vicissitudes, and, from the time of the Romans, have, again and again, risen and fallen in popular esteem. Our forefathers of the middle ages were zealous believers in the efficacy of mineral waters, and we, in our present craze for all that is mediæval in personal and domestic art, seem disposed to follow them, even in the matter of water cures. The chief difference between their times and our own in this respect seems to be that, while it was chiefly the poor and ignorant who then made pilgrimages to wells and springs, it is the rich and the learned of our day who follow in their steps. We have ceased to ascribe the *kudos* of our cures to saints or local hermits, and we no longer hang our discarded crutches on church walls; but we pin our faith to waters with even more unquestioning trust than did the men of old. Even our doctors, strange to say, have become such zealous apostles of the water-*culte*, that the consignment of their patients to some remote spring or other has already begun to form a part of the most orthodox methods of treatment. To carry out a system in which patients, like transferable goods, are passed from hand to hand between the doctor at home and the doctor at the mouth of the well, a good deal of faith is required from all who are parties to the transaction. In many cases this quality of unquestioning trust is the greatest if not the sole agent in the process of cure; but, on the other hand, there are springs which might be safely warranted to wash away certain specific diseases in defiance of the thickest and hardest coating of obdurate scepticism on the part of the patient.

Among such places there are few in favour of which one would more willingly subscribe to the doctrine of natural prevision than Wildbad, which may fairly claim to have no rival as a sanatorium for the lame and the maimed. Its waters have been held in high renown for ages, and in the sixteenth century the German rulers more than once found it necessary to take under their special protection the pilgrims who flocked to the springs, and whose crippled condition rendered them exceptionally helpless against the attacks of the lawless bands of freebooters who infested the Black Forest for the express purpose of pillaging those who were on their way to the Wildbad wells. Maximilian I. even went so far as to decree the punishment of death to any one who should ill-use the pilgrims on their road, or in any other way be guilty of "breaking the peace of the Bath." These enactments do not appear to have had much effect either then or at a later period, for during the Thirty Years' War Wildbad was

nearly annihilated. The churches and chapels, hospitia, and other benevolent institutions, with which the pious gratitude of the pilgrims had from time to time enriched the spot, all disappeared, and it was not till the middle of the present century that this once renowned bath began to regain its long lost prestige. We do not know who took the first step towards the rehabilitation of Wildbad as a place of specific virtue against the effects of wounds, but certain it is that, immediately after the Crimean War, the springs suddenly leapt into notoriety. As soon as peace was concluded, numbers of English and French officers flocked to these secluded forest-baths, and the reports they gave of the magic properties of the waters in restoring suppleness to stiffened joints, and smoothness to scarred skins, spread the fame of Wildbad far and wide; the result being that the number of annual visitors, which before that time seldom exceeded a few scores of persons, who belonged usually to the immediate neighbourhood, soon swelled into thousands, gathered together from all parts of the world.

This sudden celebrity drew the attention of the Würtemberg Government to the long-neglected springs, and forthwith Wildbad came to be regarded as a pet child, a golden egg of great promise, from which the Crown might fairly expect to gather in a rich treasure. The once simple village, which, like all places in the Black Forest, possessing powerful mineral waters, lies almost buried in a pine-fringed mountain gorge, was at once expanded and decorated up to the latest pattern of conventional bath-fashion. Huge hotels were built close to the springs, at the end of the one long unsavoury street that had constituted the old Wildbad. Magnificient halls of reception were provided which would seem more in place within palaces than inns, and baths were fitted up in accordance with the assumed requirements of the imperial and other royal visitors who, it was hoped, would be attracted to the spot; but, on the other hand, the wants of ordinary guests were not neglected, since private baths, which, in all essentials, are as good as the regal *bains de luxe*, can be procured at a reasonable cost. Even paupers have not been forgotten at Wildbad, and every stranger arriving at the springs with sufficient freedom from ailments of his own to observe what goes on around him must be struck by the great preponderance of homely-clad persons of the working class among the crowd that clicks and taps along the pavements like a moving forest of sticks and crutches. This humbler section of the visitors are the inmates of an hospital for cripples, founded by the King of Würtemberg in testimony of his admiration for the charity of his Queen; and this institution has been so liberally cared for that there is not a local benefit or public entertainment in which the King's pensioners may not take part freely and gratuitously.

When the Würtemberg authorities fully realise the fact that some nations, as the British, are so constituted that they cannot live without fresh air and ventilation, Wildbad will, no doubt, be developed into the most charming of German baths. Even now houses are beginning to be built a little further out in the open, where the visitor may enjoy the fresher air of the river banks and pine forests, instead of having to gasp for breath from the depths of the steaming basin where, something after the manner of the bears at the Zoological Gardens, the Wildbad world has hitherto been forced to rotate on its daily axis.

Nothing can exceed the parental watchfulness with which Würtemberg guards those springs of great price. Let no one flatter himself that he may regulate according to his own free will drinking or bathing in those precious waters. We had ourselves harboured such a daring design, but the result was not encouraging, for, having come to the springs unarmed with a medical warrant, and having on our arrival rashly refused to listen to the overtures of an obsequious waiter, who offered in return for a *douceur*, vulgarly known as "drink money," to procure us tickets to bathe every morning at a quarter to five, we found that, if we wanted to have a bath, we must make application for it at the Fiscal State office. On presenting ourselves at this imposing bureau, we found ourselves confronted by four officials clad in very light uniforms, and all wearing on their breasts ribbands of various colours. These formidable individuals entered into ponderous ledgers the replies we made to a categorical string of questions as to our names, nationalities, reasons for wishing to bathe, intentions as to the length of our stay at Wildbad, besides many other irrelevant matters. The solemnity with which copies of these particulars were written and rewritten could not have been exceeded if we had stood in the dock to answer for tampering with some knotty State secret involving the safety of the kingdom of Würtemberg. But the absurdity of the whole thing reached its climax when the *chef* called us back, at the moment we thought that the payment of the required fees had ended our ordeal, and sternly rebuked us for acceding to the proposal of one of his juniors, that we should take bathing tickets for twelve o'clock. Did we not know better than to take a bath within an hour of our *table d'hôte* dinner? Had we no regard for our digestion? The thing was absurd! We must on no account neglect to go to bed for two hours after bathing. This interview ended by the junior collapsing under his *chef's* snubbing, while we humbly accepted the ticket and hour fixed for us by the official mandate, and went away abashed.

On our return from this little encounter we had a second proof of the vigilance with which Würtemberg tracks the steps of its foreign casuals; for the first thing we beheld on entering our rooms was the identical letters which we had posted hours before, and which we had vainly hoped were half through Germany by that time. A group composed of landlord and waiter stood around expectant and exultant as we read the slip of paper handed to us direct from the Post-master-General, and which was in English *verbatim* as follows:—"These post-stamps wo'nt do here! they are German empire-ones, you shall use Württemberg ones!" The men seemed so delighted at catching us convicted of ignorance in regard to the limitations of the German empire postal system that, in our vexation at losing the day's post, and in discovering that our steps had been dogged as if we were ticket-of-leave men, we could not resist offering our condolences that "Württemberg" had not been saved the trouble and expense of maintaining a separate post office, and hoping that before we came again to Wildbad the kingdom of Würtemberg might be annexed to the Fatherland.

Incidents such as these are certainly apt to ruffle one's temper for the moment, and the amount of eccentricity of leg-motion which the stranger sees displayed before him at Wildbad is a little startling till he gets used to the sight, and overcomes the temptation to congratulate the first man he meets walking with a pair of sound legs, able to dispense with crutches or sticks. But these impressions vanish as soon as one learns to note the progress of the cures, and feels at liberty to enjoy the comic elements of the scene without being wholly callous to its pathetic aspects.

In conclusion, we would say, if you happen to have been in the wars and had your body riddled with shot and scored with sabre cuts, or if you are otherwise maimed through accident or disease, go to Wildbad without losing a day; while to ladies we would venture to suggest that a course of its baths would almost certainly prove a more permanent and efficacious cosmetic than any ever invented by the unlucky *cosmétiste* who is undergoing a temporary removal from the scene of her activity. But we should recommend persons who are blessed with sound limbs, and who are not eager to secure a satiny softness of skin, to avoid too free an indulgence in the luxury of being soaked and soddened in the warm sand and bland water of Wildbad, as they are apt to leave one in a state of disjointed limpness, which may possibly be well adapted for the successful imitation of the feats of an acrobat, but which will not be found too conducive to the happy fulfilment of any plans they may desire to make for a walking tour or a mountain climb in the Würtemberg portion of the Black Forest, in which the springs form one of the best centres for excursions, whether by rail or road, on foot or on horseback.

MOORS AND FORESTS.

The recurrence of the Twelfth of August is always the signal for homilies by the Press upon the subject of grouse shooting,

and by some upon the political economy of deer forests. There is a magic charm in the commencement of the grouse season which even those who have never fired a shot upon a British moor are not slow to acknowledge. If it were only that grouse shooting is the recommencement of the sporting season, the sport—even if it were tame in its surroundings and its details—would have a peculiar *prestige* of its own. It comes just at the close of the London season, at the commencement of holiday-making, and herein lies another allurement. But, further, the scenery which surrounds the sport is, perhaps, the greatest charm of all. Even if a man has no taste to shoot, a visit to the moors in fine August weather, when every slope is purple with heather, and where every breeze blows fresh and cooling, would have an attraction in itself. Grouse shooting is a sport which still entails the use of dogs, and there is an interest in seeing a well-broke brace of setters or pointers find their game, and stand and back each other, which is too often lost in modern partridge shooting. There is an excitement for the guns, in speculating what may be the game at which the dogs are standing, whether feather or fur, whether a covey of grouse, or a snipe, or a blue hare, or a miserable bunny. On highly-preserved partridge manors, especially those which are not shot until late in the season, the practice generally is to walk up the birds with guns and beaters in line. Until a bird rises there is no knowledge that game is before one, and the interest of seeing dogs find their own game is lost. The ordinary country gentleman's house is one at which pointers and setters may still be found in use for partridge shooting, especially if the ground is not so thick with game that every field entered is sure to provide sport. If only to save unnecessary walking, it is of use on such estates to have a brace or two of dogs at hand to run the stubbles and clover leys, or even turnip fields when it is uncertain whether birds may be in them; though, when once it is absolutely known that birds are in cover in potatoes or strong turnips, it is safer to take up the dogs for the time and to walk up the birds, especially if the covey is scattered. But, on the moors, if a good bag is to be made, dogs must be used from first to last, otherwise many a fruitless climb will be entailed, and many a useless acre of ground wearily trodden, even on the best preserved shootings. A grouse is a large object, and by no means a difficult shot, especially in fine weather during the earlier part of the season; but he rises quicker and gets away closer to the ground at first than a partridge, and, therefore, with all his extra bulk for a marksman, is no easier to shoot than his *confrère* of stubbles and turnips. It is the fashion, especially in comic papers, and on the part of writers who do not understand what "driving" consists of, to sneer at grouse and partridge driving, and to represent it as armchair work and unsportsmanlike. True, the guns sit or stand, ensconced in turf huts if on the moors, or under a hedge if on a manor, and the game is driven to and by them, or more often over their heads; but this is only done at the latter part of the season, when birds are so wild that they will not lie to a shot even from choke bores. Those who profess to ridicule the pursuit, would do well to try a shot at a driven grouse, coming down wind some eighty miles an hour; if such an one aimed point blank at the old cock who leads the pack, he might be lucky if, by a fluke, he dropped the tail bird twenty yards behind the leader. A driven shot is just twice as difficult as a rise, for the reason that the pace of the bird, and his distance from the gun, have to be calculated on the instant, in order to know how far forward to take aim. Birds must be driven down wind, otherwise their direction cannot be depended upon to take that of the guns in waiting for them; hence their pace is almost invariably, when well on the wing, greater than that of an express train. We recollect an absurd picture, some few years ago, in *Punch*, evidently drawn by a woman or a non-sportsman, which affected to represent a partridge "drive." Two guns are represented, seated on camp-stools or chairs, within a few feet of each other, but some dozen yards from a hedge, fully exposing themselves to the view of any birds that might be driven that way. A partridge is topping the fence just in front of them! It is almost needless to say that guns would be posted at least 120 yards apart, so as to give each the option of shooting to right or left; they would be placed out of sight under the hedge, else the birds would wheel and avoid them; there would be nothing sybaritish in a man *sitting* under such circumstances; he would be lower and less observable, and would save himself from lumbago—a probable contingency if he sat on damp ground in winter, or from an uncomfortable state of cramp if he remained in a crouching posture for ten minutes and upwards. The distant hail of "Mark! Over!" from the beaters would always warn him of an approaching shot, and when he actually heard the whirr of wings close upon him he might venture to stand up, and knock over (if he could) one bird as the covey flew the hedge in his face, and another as they swept beyond him, sixty miles an hour. Many a shot who can hold his own comfortably when shooting to the rise early in the season, will find himself helplessly out of it when asked to kill a driven December partridge, still more a driven grouse even at Michaelmas.

The rents of grouse shooting have gone up 500 per cent. during the last twenty years. Fashion has done part of this, and increased facilities of locomotion have done more. Perhaps the latter has tended to engender the former. City millionaires, who do not care to fire a shot themselves, are often proud to take a moor as a pleasurable means of dispensing hospitality and of enjoying society during vacation. As for deer forests, 5,000*l.* and even 6,000*l.* is not an unknown rental; and by the time that all contingent expenses of the best shootings have been paid, it is no exaggerated calculation to set down each stag's head as having cost 50*l.* and upwards. The censure that is often passed by certain political economists upon the sin and waste of deer-forests is amusing; many of them argue as if each Scotch moorland turned into a deer forest were a second edition of the New Forest episode. They seem to believe that a Scotch "forest" is a vast woodland, which, if cultivated, might yield cereals in abundance, instead of being in reality a mountainous, treeless, and partly rocky waste, which even for mountain sheep would not fetch a rental of more than two shillings an acre, or so much. It lies chiefly at too high an elevation for cultivation, for deer are too shy to roam down to the low-lying ground, except in very severe weather. No doubt, if deer are going to be preserved, any stray "cotter's" hut which may be planted in the march will have to be bought up, or the tenant to receive notice to quit when his time is up; but evictions of this sort are greatly exaggerated, simply for the reason that the distant glens in which deer can be preserved are unsuitable for even the most pauperised cotter to eke out a living by cultivating them. The evictions are chiefly those of the few shepherds who have tended sheep on the hills until the sheep were cleared to make room for deer; and such shepherds would, in the natural course of events, migrate elsewhere in pursuit of their calling, when it came to an end in that spot. As a matter of production of food a deer forest furnishes nearly, if not quite as much, as if it were a mountain sheep farm; there are fewer animals to the acre, but deer will live where even sheep will starve in winter, and will spread over desolate tracts that sheep would avoid. The coarser parts of the deer's carcase are readily consumed by the *employés* of a shooting, and there is no waste. If the British Isles were self-dependent for the food supply of their inhabitants, it might become perhaps a matter of political expediency whether every rood of ground should not be utilised to the utmost extent to feed the population; but since we can import food it is, politically, a gain to any tract of country to have money spent in it instead of elsewhere. The prosperity of Scotland is partly owing to the large amount of ready money which the wealthy classes from all parts of the kingdom disburse there. Local trade and industry are thus encouraged and benefited. If the preservation of deer and grouse were prohibited by the Legislature, the ready cash which visitors now spend in Scotland would be expended in vacation abroad or elsewhere, to the emolument of strangers and the loss of the Scot; while any small gain in production of a few stunted cereals, green at Michælmas, grown hundreds of feet above the sea level, and perhaps not harvested until mildewed—or the accession of a few extra

hundred weight of mutton, *vice* venison—would in no way compensate the country for the loss of trade and income by the absence of visitors. If Ireland could be made a place of fashionable sporting resort, even to half the extent that Scotland is, its future would be much brighter. Irish shootings do not on the average come up to those of Scotland, but the best of them far surpass many mediocre Scotch shootings which let for four times the rental that would be asked for an Irish shooting tract. Some Wexford moors not long ago yielded 600 brace in the first month. Grouse disease is unknown in Ireland, and the birds are finer and better grown than most Scotch grouse, though they do not surpass those of the Hebrides or of the Yorkshire and Durham moors. An Irish shooting offers opportunities for a good all round bag right up to Christmas, and even later; the grouse do not "pack" as in Scotland; there is more bog, snipe breed on the spot in greater numbers, and there are more immigrant snipe; woodcock shooting will often yield ten brace a day and upwards on the moors in the late autumn and winter, a luxury seldom to be found in Scotland, except in some of the isles. At the beginning of the season on an ordinary Irish moor a decent shot may bag his twelve to twenty brace of grouse a day on the average, and need never fear to find his march depopulated by the disease which sweeps our English and Scotch moors. Such a shooting as this may be rented for one-fifth the price usually paid for a Scotch shooting, and the sport upon it may be enjoyed to a much later date in the season. Fashion, unfortunately for Ireland, does not at present set in that direction; yet, should the Duke of Connaught and his bride take an abode, or even a box for the season, in the Emerald isle, a reaction may set in, and an attraction for English sportsmen and diversion for English gold be created which would do more to revive the fortunes of Ireland than any amount of Home Rule or of agrarian legislation.

POETRY.

A SUMMER MOOD.

But wait. Let each by each the days pass by,
One faded and one blown like summer flowers;
What need of hope, with summer in the sky?
What of regret, with all fair morrows ours?
If yesterday be gone,
No reck, 'twas not alone,
To-morrow will have just so sweet long hours:
But yet to-day is sweetest. till 'tis flown.

But wait. Let summer day be changed from day,
Like following surges of the ebb and flow;
And flow brings breath of saltness and blithe spray,
And ebb long music of waves plashing low.
The seas, stolen out of reach,
Have no farewell for speech;
Next tide will roll as swift, as rippling go:
And yet 'tis now that's best along the beach.

Ah wait. The while we linger our lives live,
Our summer ripens purpose through our dreams;
Flower-petals fallen leave a seed to thrive,
Spent tides heap treasures from the deep sea streams;
Now drifts by unaware,
And Afterwards is heir;
To-morrow wins the wealth of yester gleams:
Yet 'tis to-day that summer makes most fair.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

LITERATURE.

OREGON.

Oregon: There and Back in 1877. By Wallis Nash. Macmillan and Co.

To the student of early American history Oregon is a land of romance. The very name conjures up picturesque memories of dead and vanished men, of gallant deeds, and wild tales, and of times less prosaic, less dollar-loving, flat, dull, and profitable than the present. Was it not in this land that Lemuel Gulliver, seafaring man and surgeon, whilom of Laputa, Lilliput, and the City of London, located his famous land of Brobdingnag? California was, in the early Spanish days, a sleepy, afternoon land, and, in the epoch of the early gold-diggers, a country infinitely rougher but altogether more pleasant than the present one. But it was in the wild, lone lands to the north that the fur trader, fur trapper, and Indian fighter found his proper home. In a country now parcelled out into states, territories, and provinces—British and American—there was, less than half a century ago, scarcely a point by which the geographer could localise his thin, scattered data about this unmapped region then vaguely known as the Oregon territory, albeit Oregon is now-a-days only a large State of that immense tract. The "Oregon Centrals," that Thackeray bracketted with Patagonian debentures and Tierra del Fuego bonds, are now a reality; where not a dozen years ago there was scarcely an Indian trail. "Cities," in all their intense prosaicism, occupy the place where, within the memory of man, the camp fire of the explorer was the only sign that human foot had ever desecrated the lonely pine forest or prairie. "The steamer rocks and raves, and city lots are staked and sold above old Indians' graves." All the appliances of civilization and many of its luxuries are now in these regions, though much of Oregon still lies wild and untenanted, and there is yet room for an enterprising man to wander free of his species. The coast is redolent of memories of Cook, and Vancouver, and Meares. It was the scene of Lewis and Clarke's famous adventures and the country which Washington Irving has encircled with a romantic interest in his adventures of Captain Bonneville, and his history of John Jacob Astor's daring attempt to found a settlement near the mouth of the Columbia River. The old fort of the Hudson's Bay traders still stands on the prairie by the Yankee village of the same name, and the North Western Fort at Astoria, which the British captain who had pressed all sail to surprise it declared with many oaths and abjurations he could send to (a very warm place) with a five pounder, is now the scene of a "salmon cannery" "run" by a busy race who care not for the wondrous past. But the sons of one-eyed Concomby, the quondam chief of the Chinooks, no longer rules at the Columbia River mouth. He and his kith and kin have gone the way of all their race. Once on a time, from Cape Disappointment to the Great Bend, the villages of a hundred Indian tribes dotted every point, or smoked on every meadow of the mighty river which was then all their own. Up every tributary their cedar canoes were paddled, and at every salmon pool the naked figure of the fisherman spearing, from a lofty platform or rock, his winter food, was—not fifty, not thirty years ago—a familiar sight. The traveller may nowadays sail in a steamer from Astoria to the Dalles, from the Dalles to Fort Colville, or from Walla Walla to the Falls of the Snake, or if it so please him, up the Willamette to Eugene or beyond, and never see an Indian. A swarthy face, a keen eye, and a snaky withal, or hair much too straight to be of this later world, will tell the experienced observer that here and there among the crowd on the wharf is the son of one who in halcyon days knew a daughter of the land. But the real, unadulterated "siwash" is removed far from the polished gaze of those who have inherited his fair heritage. On "reservations" in the mountain valleys, the remnants of what were once great tribes wear out a tired existence, trying to be civilised men, and yet not ceasing to be savages—but savages demoralised, diseased, with all the vices of the white man and none of the virtues of the red—many though the one may be, and few though the other undoubtedly were.

The world moves rapidly in these regions—it is fast

filling up. Thirty or forty years ago, the first steamboat made its appearance at Salem on the Willamette Prairie, and so strange was it to the surrounding settlers that a youth in buckskin breeches and 'coonskin cap, wandering open-mouthed about the deck, fell down the hold, and, as he scrambled up rubbing his barked shins, expressed himself mortally surprised that "the darned thing was holler!" Steamers are common enough in 1878. The first Chief Justice of Oregon Territory charged his first jury sitting under a tree on the "French Prairie," for the simple reason that there was no building to accommodate either his honour or the twelve just men. None of them had, we are assured on the judge's own authority, boots on, mocassins being in those primitive times the usual foot-gear of all manner of people, free and bond, Greek and Barbarian. In those days "side" was loathsome in Oregonian nostrils, and a white shirt an under garment well calculated to provoke a personal encounter without any unnecessary loss of time, should the rash wearer care to walk down town clad in the objectionable raiment. The first Secretary of the State lost his election because he presumed to wear studs, and there can be no doubt that General Fremont would have been elected President of the United States by the overwhelming Western votes had he not offended beyond all endurance the stern stoics of the Setting Sun by presuming—rash man—to divide his hair down the middle. Yet, at Salem, there are nowadays a State University which "rotated" a hundred graduates last year, three or four daily papers, a capitol, fine hotels, French milliners, and tailors who could not make a pair of fringed buckskins if they were to be shot for their ignorance, albeit shooting is not accounted good taste in the capital of Oregon, while the general use of the bowie-knife has for long been voted vulgar. For all we know to the contrary, there is still living in the West, among a score of similar heroes, Jedediah S. Smith—called "Jed" for shortness—a trapper, who forty years ago wandered into the west, and finding that he could not go east was forced to push on still further to the west. Half naked, the Indians came upon him eating a beaver's tail, near the head waters of the Columbia. By them he despatched a letter to the fathers in Oregon, in which he signed himself, "Your naked but Christian brother." Old links like these connecting the old with the new are still common on the North-west coast. For instance, not long ago the bricks of the armourer's forge were disinterred in Resolution Cove in Nootka Sound, where Cook laid up one of his vessels for repair. The lordly Spanish Dons who once held that part of the coast had left their traces in cannon balls and Mexican dollars, which are still dug up. Indians yet lived who could repeat Castilian words, while the soft Spanish features are still in that part of Vancouver Island not uncommon. The grandson of Moquilla, who ruled Nootka in Don Quadra's day, was in 1866 the chief of the tribes in Friendly Cove. The names of Cook and Vancouver were traditionally repeated, while at Seattle the blind old chief from whom that "city" took its name still remembered the great mariner who discovered Puget Sound. But all that he could say about him or his ships was that the pigtailed boatswain used to give the men three dozen of a morning. The medals that Lewis and Clarke distributed among the Indians could until recently be seen in the Chinook lodges. Old Astoria voyagers are not yet dead. The son of that Pierre Dorion whose weird tale Washington Irving told, is, we believe, still in the flesh, all unconscious that the world outside of Oregon knows aught of him. General Bonneville was not long ago on a visit to the scene of his old battles, while Governor Clarke, one of the two white men who first reached the Pacific from the East, was—not many years ago—living in Iowa. General Fremont, the pathfinder, is yet among the mortals, and Kit Carson, the trapper of romance and the hero of a hundred tales, has only within the last few years gone to the happy hunting grounds.

With such *matériel* before us a book on Oregon is not unreasonably opened with considerable expectations of a literary treat. But in Mr. Wallis Nash's volume we are disappointed. He appears to be a lawyer, and a lawyer with even less imagination than the wont of his prosaic profession. The history of Old Oregon seems to him a shut book. He cares for nothing, knows nothing, talks about nothing, and went to see nothing but its capabilities as a field for speculation, investment, farming, and such like. He travelled, for the most part, by the beaten track of railways, saw what an ordinary tourist without special qualifications for the task of seeing would by the side of the road or rail, records what his fellow tourists told him, and jots down the old worn-out though rarely amusing tales that everybody has heard since the days of Captain Cook, who, we are convinced, fled to the Sandwich Islands rather than listen to them any longer. The result is not a very instructive book—nor an entertaining one, except to the inquiring friends for whose information it was written; and, considering that the author was only a few months absent from England, it can be considered a very exhaustive treatise. It appears that the visit "resulted from a friendship of several years' standing with Colonel T. Eganton Hogg, a Californian, who has devoted the best years of his life, and a vast amount of energy, intelligence, and capital, to acquiring extensive tracts of land in Oregon." Mr. Nash, furthermore, is convinced "that whilst English money is being, and will be, most profitably employed there, a field of emigration is also open which is suited in all respects to a large number of our fellow countrymen." It "possesses so many attractions in climate, soil, beauty of scenery, ease of access, freedom from drought, tempest, floods, and immunity from insect plagues," that "it is allowable for an Englishman to express deep regret that Oregon is not a British colony—that ignorance as to its capabilities and lack of faith in its future prevailed when it was ceded to the United States." Finally, Mr. Nash casually remarks—as if it was no object to him—that "should the reading of this book suggest to any one to try their fortunes there, if they will communicate with me, I will gladly put them in the way," doubtless of a good thing, perhaps in the shape of "some of those extensive tracts of land" which the "vast energy, intelligence, and capital of Colonel T. Eganton Hogg" has so disinterestedly acquired in this land of promise? The reader will see what he has to expect. Mr. Nash is, no doubt, one of the most single-minded of men. Still, books written by people who visit gentlemen with great tracts of land (for sale)—who offer in the preface to these volumes to put anybody up to a good thing—who have business with lawyers in the vicinity of Yaquina Bay, and whose companion compiles a guide-book to a State on which books have been written *ad nauseam*, and to which there are many excellent guide-books, have themselves to blame should their volumes lie under the, perhaps, unjust suspicion of being coloured with the rosy hues derived from the extensive tracts of land acquired with the energy and capital of the visitors' host. It may be wrong; but, to a man who knows the Western States, and the way Western men "engineer" such schemes, the idea always will strike the reader that the author of such a volume is playing the General Choke to somebody else's Mr. Scadder; Marco Polo conducting a land-office, or Sir John Mandeville working a water privilege, do not come within the congruities.

Nevertheless, those who have never read any other book on Oregon will find in Mr. Nash's a very fair account of the State, too highly coloured, certainly, not very graphic, and not over accurate, yet withal about as good as one can expect in the circumstances. His conclusions are, however, entirely wrong. There are no attractions in Oregon which do not exist in the British possessions. Markets are scarce, and Mr. Nash tells us of apples rotting because there were no purchasers for them. Capital brings, no doubt, large interest, but the security is correspondingly bad, and he would be a greenhorn of pre-eminent verdancy who would trust a sixpence on an Oregon mortgage, unless he was on the spot himself to look after his coin and his debtors. The country is *not* free from drought. Eastern Oregon is all but a desert, where there can be no culture save by irrigation, and every mile of land worth cultivating is already taken up, unless in places where the Indians would kill the settler and devour his stock and crops. Insect plagues are also not wanting. Grasshoppers in Southern Oregon are a pest, and in Eastern Oregon are so abundant that the Indians live upon them. But it appears that Mr. Nash was never east of the Cascades, and hence is quite incapable of giving an account of a

State of which he has only caught a glimpse of the best and smallest portion. Oregon would never have been what it is had it been a British colony. It owes its prosperity to the fact of being part and parcel of the United States. Moreover, the author can know nothing of the history of the Ashburton Treaty, or of the volumes which have been written on it, when he declares that the country was "ceded" to the United States through British ignorance of its capabilities. It was not "ceded," for it was never ours to cede, but it was allowed to go to the United States, owing to the fact of Captain Gray, an American, having discovered the Columbia river. Of the book, about one-third is occupied with the journey to and from Oregon, California, Utah, Niagara, and so forth, in which we have all the old worn facts about the vigilance committees, the Chinese, checking baggage, and so forth, told anew, Mr. Nash apparently imagining that which is new to him—an unread and untravelled man—is new also to all the rest of the world. It would take more space than we care to devote to the subject to point out all the errors and one-sided representations in the book. One, however (p. 167), about the Indian trade language, or *lingua franca* of the Pacific coast, must be noted. Over and over again it has been shown how the Chinook jargon originated. But all is lost on Mr. Nash, who repeats the old story about its being "invented by the Hudson's Bay half-breeds." No half-breed ever could invent such a "language." He might as well say that the Turkey Company invented the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, the Hong merchants *pigeon English*, or the English sailors the "bono-Johneyism" which used to be the medium of communication between our marines and the Turks during the Crimean War. We have much pleasure in saying that Mr. Nash's book is very nicely illustrated, the views of Oregon scenery, so far as they go, being most faithful, and that the map is a useful one.

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Physical System of the Universe: an Outline of Physiography. By Sidney B. J. Skertchly, F.G.S., H.M. Geological Survey. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill. 1878.

In this book we have another manual of what used to be called physical geography and is now known under the name physiography. The author has evidently a thorough appreciation of the importance of his subject, and has a keen eye for the faults of the older books. He tells us that "this volume is in one sense a manual of physical geography, but it differs from other works in attempting to knit the phenomena of the globe into a coherent train of reasoning. Physical geography is too often degraded into a sort of scientific curiosity shop, in which there is a vast collection of isolated facts respecting astronomy, geology, physics, biology, and what not, without the slightest attempt at grouping them to show how interdependent they are one upon the other." If we neglect the curious metaphor of knitting phenomena into a train of reasoning and some other peculiarities of style, and look to the author's meaning in this passage, we see that his intentions in planning the book are all that could be wished. Such a work ought to point out the interdependence of natural phenomena, and not go too deeply into their explanation, as at best it can only be looked upon as an adjunct to scientific text books treating of the separate branches of physical and biological knowledge, that is to say, if the work has any higher pretensions than those of a "popular science book," aiming at giving a readable summary of the whole of human knowledge, with plenty of pictures, in five or six hundred pages. But, above all things, a work on physiography should be accurate; and, again, it should never be speculative or dogmatic on debateable subjects. As it can never be hoped by the authors of these works that they will be much read by men of deep scientific knowledge, they are doing wrong in putting forward as truths their own opinions on undecided questions. Every man has a right to his own opinions on all matters of scientific hypothesis, and he does good by putting them forward and by attacking the opinions of others, either in the discussions of scientific societies or in scientific journals, or, in short, wherever he can obtain an audience of men conversant with the subject; but he does great harm when, in writing for the general public, he puts forth his views, side by side with the laws of gravitation and the doctrines of the conservation and dissipation of energy, as if they were all entitled to the same amount of belief. The work now before us is well planned, and, in many cases, the matter is admirable, as, for example, in the following passage, where the author, after explaining that the motion of a star towards or away from the earth produces a displacement of the lines of its spectrum from which its velocity can be calculated, goes on to say: "It has been laid down as an exact law, however, that the spectral lines of the elements occupy definite positions, and it may be asked, how the presence of any element can be ascertained if its lines are displaced? The reason is that, in the majority of cases, the spectrum consists of a number of lines forming a system, and, if all these lines are shifted to the same amount, that is if their relative positions remain unchanged, they are as recognisable as if they occupied their normal positions." This is written in the true spirit of a good teacher, who looks out for the difficulties likely to arise in the minds of those who approach the subject for the first time, and who explains them away clearly. Indeed, this work has such great merits, is so carefully thought out, and, in most parts, is so clear, that its great faults are enhanced, and their power of doing harm is increased. Who, after looking at this passage, and many more like it, would hesitate to recommend the book to a student? Who could suspect that it would contain passages in which it is deliberately stated that the fact that falling bodies are uniformly accelerated is a proof that the force of gravity diminishes with the distance? For, how else can we interpret the following lines:—". . . The force of gravity varies with the distance, growing very appreciably less as the distance increases. On the supposition that such is not the case, a body would fall with uniform motion; and, if gravity increased only for a certain distance, bodies would fall very differently from what they do. Let a body, for example, fall for one second under the influence of gravity, and then suppose that force to be obliterated. The body will, of course, continue to fall, but its velocity will be uniform, and will be that acquired at the end of the first second. This will obviously be such as to carry it over twice the space fallen through in that second. Now, we can apply this reasoning to every second of time with like results; hence we are justified in concluding that, as the volocity of falling bodies is uniformly accelerated, the force of gravity must diminish with the distance." We will attempt no comment upon this wonderful passage; it tells its own story better than we can. The fact, of course, really is that, if anything could shake our faith in the law, that gravity increases inversly as the square of the distance, it would be the fact that, as far as our powers of observation go, bodies falling to the earth are apparently uniformly accelerated; but this uniformity is only apparent, and is due to the fact that the *distance* of the law is the distance between the centres of gravity of the bodies. The centre of gravity of the earth is, of course, its centre, and this is at such a great distance from the surface that the additional few feet to which we can ascend are not enough to produce a change in the force of gravity great enough for us to perceive by ordinary methods. Mr. Skertchly may rest assured that, if the force of gravity varied appreciably at small distances from the earth's surface, falling bodies would not be uniformly accelerated, but "would fall very differently from what they do," to make use of his own phraseology. One piece of inaccuracy, which is sufficiently startling, is probably only a slip of the pen, but still one which ought not to have escaped the author's correction. We are told that, by dividing the wave-length of a ray of light by the velocity of light, we obtain the number of vibrations per second. By carrying out this process for orange light, we find that the result is that this colour is due to vibrations so slow that only 1-497200000000000th of a vibration is executed in a second, or one whole one in 1,579,347,843 years! The passage should read: "If we divide the velocity by the wave-length, we obtain the number of vibrations per second."

Another fault of this work is the tendency to dogmatise on undecided points. The evils of this we have already pointed out. To begin with a minor matter, in speaking of sound, Mr. Skertchly says: "When bodies vibrate rhythmically, at rates of from 16 to 38,000 times per second, they produce musical sounds, *each particular tone having a separate fibre within the ear which vibrates in unison with it, and renders it audible.*" We can only suppose that the organ of Corti is referred to in the passage which we have printed in italics. The fact that the fibres in this organ diminish regularly in length, and have a structure which might make them behave like "loaded" strings, has certainly given rise to the hypothesis that they vibrate in unison with musical tones, but the hypothesis is a mere speculation, and there is great difficulty in believing that a fibre, however arranged, if only some small fraction of an inch in length, can be set in vibration by waves many feet in length. A more serious matter is the long argument about the state of the interior of the earth. As yet, we know next to nothing about the matter. The only thing which can be said in any sense to be settled is that, at the enormous temperatures and pressures to be found at great depths in the earth, there can be no distinction drawn between the solid, fluid, and gaseous states of matter. These states depend on the amount of inter-molecular cohesion, and this force must be entirely neglected in comparison with the heat and pressure to which all bodies must be subjected near the earth's centre. Again, there is a long defence of Croll's theory, that the glacial epochs are produced by winter occurring when the earth is at aphelion and the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is at its maximum, and this theory is boldly put forward as sufficient and true. Now, there is, perhaps, no subject so open to debate as the cause of the glacial epochs, and as yet no theory has been published which is at all satisfactory. Croll's theory is, no doubt, clever, and well worked out, but as yet men of science have not accepted it, and, like many others, it can only be regarded as a fair guess at one of the possible causes of these phenomena. The fact that, if it were true, it would give us a convenient measure of geological time may certainly lead us to hope that it may be established, but cannot blind us to the difficulties of accepting it without further investigation and research. As may be seen from some of the passages already quoted, the style of the book is not always all that could be wished, and such phrases as "the two first comprises" have been allowed to remain. It is with much regret that we have observed these faults. Should another edition be published, we hope, for the sake of scientific education, that the author will carefully revise the text, and re-write those chapters in which he has allowed his own convictions to get the better of his scientific spirit as a teacher.

THE PUNJAB AND ITS FRONTIER.

The Punjab and North-West Frontier of India. By an Old Punjabi. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Scarcely was the ink of the Berlin Treaty dry, when it began to be rumoured that the Russians in Central Asia were manifesting unusual activity. And, under the present relations between England and Russia, it may be expected that every report of a fresh expedition along the Oxus or the Attrek Valley will be the signal for a repetition of the old cry of warning. Our "Old Punjabi" is himself an alarmist, though by no means of the gloomiest type. While fully admitting, with Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, that Russia cannot help extending her frontiers so long as these are bounded by anarchy, he maintains, nevertheless, that her approach must be "detrimental to our interests." He is, in a mild sort of way, a pessimist all round. The civil government of India is a failure; Indian foreign policy has been timid, hesitating, and therefore, mischievous; and the relations between English officers and native troops are far from satisfactory. On the last point every competent observer of Indian affairs must thoroughly agree with "An Old Punjabi." In fact, the Indian military system has not received half the condemnation at our author's hands that it deserves. It is not merely that the Staff Corps method of promotion by length of service has worked badly—the respective claims of service and merit so often coming into conflict—but that service with native troops is so generally regarded as a back door of admission into civil employment. The second point we shall discuss further on. As to the first, it is impossible to accept our author's verdict, except in a very qualified form. The chief sign of failure would lie in the unpopularity of the Government; but, for every experienced Anglo-Indian who would deny that the benefits of our rule are appreciated by the natives, there are a score, equally competent to pass an opinion, who would emphatically support the proposition. See, for instance, our author's own account (p. 8) of the contrast between the Punjab of the Sikhs and the Punjab of the English, as regards the power of the *bunniahs*, or money-lenders, over the agricultural classes. It might seem presumptuous to contradict the verdict of an old Punjabi on the condition of his own province; but it is impossible to ignore the fact that Punjab officials of longer experience and higher rank than our author's have testified to the loyalty of the people, the success of the civil administration as a whole, and even to the popularity of some of the Anglo-Indian innovations which officers of the good old school are most disposed to condemn. There is the highest official authority for the statement that the district committees, established for purposes of local self-management in educational and other matters, have been successful on the whole. With all due deference to our author's opinion, it is impossible to understand how the Punjabis can be otherwise than heartily loyal, if the agriculturists are as prosperous as the present Lieutenant-Governor—in an admirable minute which he wrote when serving under the rule of his predecessor—declared them to be.

But, under the present circumstances, at least, "An Old Punjabi" would stop short of the view favoured by what might be called the Anglo-Indian *Fortschritts-partei* in frontier politics. He remembers, he tells us, in page 140:—

> An old Sikh chief, with whom he was discoursing during the Punjab troubles in 1848-9, giving an illustration of our position then which might apply now. Speaking of the situation then, when Lahore only was under control, all the rest of the province being in the throes of rebellion, he compared it to a sheet with one huge stone in the centre only, and the skirts flying up to all the winds of heaven. "But," said he, "place stones at the four corners also, and you have your sheet under control."

Our author believes that we have just found one such "heavy stone" at Quettah; but what more, in the way of heavy stones, can be wanted than the stupendous mountain ranges from Hazara round by the Peshawur district, and southwards to the Belooch country? And, in addition to these "Heavy Stones," there are the divisions and intertribal jealousies, all of which, in the event of an invasion, might easily be turned to our advantage.

> An amusing story, showing how these feelings can be worked on with advantage, is told of Major James, the Commissioner of Peshawur, who brought the negotiations at Umbelah to a successful issue. . . At the time appointed . . . they (the *jirgahs*, or representative greybeards) presented themselves . . and were admitted separately in succession. The first *jirgah* came in, seated themselves in due form in front of the Commissioner, and waited patiently for him to open the proceedings. He continued calmly writing at the table, and said not a word. After about half-an-hour had elapsed, he signified to the *jirgah* that they were dismissed, and they were escorted out of the tent by the attendants, with all due form and ceremony. A second and a third were ushered in and dismissed in like manner. As each came out they were immediately attacked by the representative bodies of the other tribes with the question, "What did he say to you?" At the reply "Nothing," the suspicions of the others were aroused that these had secured favourable terms for themselves, or perhaps a large present in money, to the detriment of their neighbours, and the effect was to instil suspicion and dissension among the different councils to our advantage.

Whether literally correct or not, the story serves perfectly well as an illustration. The hill tribes can muster about 130,000 matchlock men; but they would be just as troublesome to Shere Ali and the Russians as to ourselves. And it is a mistake to suppose that they are animated by a common religious feeling. The rivalries of competing moolvies, akhoonds, and other saintly personages, whether in Paradise or still upon the earth, are analogous to the blood feuds

between different clans. The following amusing story illustrates at once the particularism of hill-tribe religion and the incidents in which fresh feuds may have their birth:—

> It happened that the tribe in question was unfortunate in having no "remains" of sufficient sanctity to do pilgrimage to, and they were twitted in consequence by the neighbouring tribes on their spiritual destitution. It so fell out that a *moolah*, or learned priest of reputed sanctity, came to their village on his way elsewhere. He was received with much honour, and all the rites of hospitality were duly accorded, when, unfortunately for him, it occurred to the heads of the community that this was a grand opportunity for providing themselves with a zeearut, or place of pilgrimage; so they killed the unfortunate priest, and inducted his remains into the place of honour forthwith, setting themselves free from the sneers of their neighbours by this primitive proceeding.

But still, the measures for frontier defence are not as complete as they ought to be: and all that our author has to say on this special subject is well worth attention. The mere fact that our troops have had to be sent upwards of thirty times into the hills since the date of the conquest of the Punjab shows that the "conciliatory" method, as it is understood in England, is a mistake. Even for the sake of the offenders themselves, the swift and sharp style of punishment is the most desirable. The magnificent frontier force, as it is called, consisting of eighteen regiments and four batteries of artillery, ought to be placed immediately under the commander-in-chief. Another measure recommended by "An Old Punjabi" is also worthy of adoption, and that is a more general system of recruiting the Punjab Frontier Force from the trans-frontier tribes, and likewise a more liberal plan of inducing the hill men to settle within the border. It is notorious that the bravest and most trustworthy men we have employed in mountain warfare are the kinsmen of the very class they have been sent to punish. During the whole of the Umbelah campaign, when the fidelity of our native troops was tried to the utmost, there was only one Pathan trooper who deserted to his own people. We are glad to find that "An Old Punjabi's" general views on frontier politics corroborate, in the main, those which we set forth some months ago in a detailed article on the Akboond of Swat. Readers desirous of making themselves acquainted with the character and history of the frontier tribes, with the questions at issue as regards the reconstruction of the frontier, and with the story of our relations with the Ameer of Cabul, can hardly do better than consult the short but comprehensive and interesting work before us. The political and historical details are occasionally diversified with matter of a curious or amusing character. The author even contrives to impart fresh interest to the old speculation about the Hebrew origin of the Afghans. Their appearance, as every one knows, is strongly Jewish, and they rejoice in Jewish names:—

> But the most singular instance of resemblance, as far as customs are concerned, is the transfer of property among the Pathans, known as Vesh. After the lapse of several years the members of a tribe will change possessions bodily. So far as our recollection goes, no exact term is fixed, but after thirty or forty years, perhaps less, there will be a general move and redistribution of the land by lot, A moving into B's estate, B into C's, perhaps . . . and this without any payment or compensation. Unless the Afghan derived this peculiar practice from the Jubilee of Israel, or from the division of the land by lot—perhaps from an amalgamation of the two—it is difficult to conceive how they came by it. . . . The practice is so singular, so peculiar to Pathan tribes, and bears . . . so near a resemblance to the Hebrew custom that we may look upon it as a strong point in favour of the Jewish hypothesis. It is also stated that the Afghans term themselves Ben-i-Israel, sons of Israel.

But, if we are not mistaken, the jubilee and land system argument might be employed to prove that the ancient Mexicans were the lost tribes of Israel. We forgot to state that the volume contains an excellent map of the Punjab and the hill ranges on the frontier.

THE HISTORY OF DRINK.

The History of Drink. A Review, Social, Scientific and Political. By James Samuelson. London: Trübner and Co.

Mr. Samuelson's merits cannot be weighed against those of preceding English historians of drink; for the good reason that there exists only one other exhaustive book on the subject, Samuel Morewood's, the second edition of which was published as far back as 1838, and which, therefore, is far too old-fashioned for the practical needs of the present day. This new work, however, is one of great intrinsic worth. It is full of learning and devoid of bias. It is, perhaps, as well that we should state the latter fact at the outset, because, from the style of Mr. Samuelson's preliminary reflections on the evils of drunkenness, a reader might be led to imagine that the author was the advocate of some total abstainer or Lawsonian hobby. On the contrary, though he is an ardent reformer, Mr. Samuelson declines to repose faith in any special remedy that men have tried, from the days of Manu to those of Sir Wilfrid. The cure of national intemperance is an affair of the general constitutional regimen of the body politic. It is not to be effected by any political Holloway's pill. Mr. Samuelson would disenchant drink of its charms by inducing a taste for pleasures of another kind. He is, we think, of the same mind with the Bishop of Peterborough, who would prefer seeing his fellow Christian drunk to keeping him sober at the expense of his freedom.

Before proceeding to trace the progress of temperance reform in countries like England, Sweden and America, Mr. Samuelson finds it necessary to refute the very common notion that drunkenness is essentially a vice of civilisation. It is some consolation—though the assertion may seem paradoxical—to discover that every savage race, noble or otherwise, found out for itself the secret of intoxication long before we sent it rum and whiskey in the wake of long-cloth and the Bible. Nature herself seems to have put temptation in the way of man. The palm-juice which the African negro, or the native of Southern India, extracts by simple incision, is left to the alchemy of the sun's rays, and, in a few hours, becomes "toddy," the care-dispeller, and a drink fit for his gods. The further we recede into the mists of history, the tipsier—Mr. Samuelson appears to think—does the race become. All the sacred literatures of the world abound, says our author, in testimony to the prevalence of drunkenness in the most remote times. In language that would, perhaps, horrify Professor Müller, he contends, citing the Rig-Veda as his authority, that the bright god Indra never granted a prayer, or performed a kindly deed, except when he was drunk and incapable. Even the Jews, says Mr. Samuelson, burnt wine upon their altars, "believing it to be gratifying to Jehovah, and we find in the Old Testament examples of anthropomorphism almost as gross as that in the Vedas." The phrase, "gin and gospel," says our historian, has an antique significance, in illustration of which he does not hesitate to point to those whom he styles the "Hebrew authorities" of the New Testament. He seems to consider it a misfortune, to some extent, that the very first miracle Christ performed was the conversion of six pots of water into wine. This event, coupled with the fact that no "Hebrew authority" says that the Saviour ever turned six pots of wine into water, has been accepted as a sufficient refutation of the abstainers' pretensions. The abstainers, however, sometimes evade the difficulty by denying that the wine was an intoxicating liquor—which only shows that a hobby-horse, though bad for riding, is good for any fence whatever. Mr. Samuelson is even hostile to the sacramental use of wine. He considers that temperance reformers will have up-hill work of it so long as the Archbishops, Bishops, and twenty thousand clergy of the Church of England continue to set a bad example at communion time. With the theological bearings of the case Mr. Samuelson, of course, has no concern whatever; he is only a social reformer, and he cites the testimony of the doctors of the American "Inebriate Asylums," to the effect that reclaimed drunkards have often been led astray by the mere scent of the sacramental wine used in church. It is not every reader, however, who will follow Mr. Samuelson in his denunciation of the "injurious example" set by the clergy. Nor can we unreservedly accept his inference from the perpetual references to intoxicating liquor which are contained in ancient books, sacred and profane. It does not follow, for example, that a people must be rolling in wealth, whose literature contains many passages in praise of gold and silver. Moreover, the drunken orgies which accompany the solar

and other festivals of many nations are not necessarily a proof of the prevalence of intemperance. Their place is rather in a history of rites than in one of drink. The Hindoos are as abstemious as any people in the world, yet the drunken debaucheries of their periodical religious ceremonies often defy description. Mr. Samuelson treads on firmer ground when he comes to the history of drink among the Germans and Saxons. However the ancient Parsees, Hindoos, and Chinese may have conducted themselves, it is clear that excessive drinking was a vice which, during the middle ages and until very recent times, pervaded all ranks of society in England and the neighbouring countries. The habits of a thousand years are suggested by Charlemagne's prohibition against judges and witnesses going to court in a state of intoxication; by St. Gildas's directions to punish with deprival of supper every monk who, "through drinking too freely, gets thick of speech, so that he cannot join in the psalmody;" and by the frequent mention of drunken tournaments, at one of which twelve "beer heroes," says Hans Sachs, the poet, drank a tun of beer in six hours. The English "Church Ales," as they were called, had been a scandal for centuries before Elizabeth tried to suppress them:—

> Similar orders were issued and enforced in the reign of James I.: but in the following reign, when Chief Justice Richardson and Baron Denham published an order to suppress Sunday revels, the former was told in the most insulting manner by Laud, the Primate, that the Justices had exceeded their duties; that wakes and ales were religious institutions; and that, although some correction of their abuses might be required, the lay tribunals had nothing to do with the matter, which was one of spiritual jurisdiction."

The vice continued to spread after the time of the Restoration, until, about the middle of the eighteenth century, it had reached a depth of depravity unknown, perhaps, in any country before or since. In London, for instance:—

> Announcements were hung out before the ginshops, informing passers-by that they could get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence, and that, when they were in the desired state, clean straw would be gratuitously provided for them in convenient cellars.

In these circumstances the repressive measure of 1736, called the "Gin Act," was passed; but it was a failure, precisely because, as Mr. Samuelson shows, it was repressive. It is in his treatment of this part of the subject that his impartiality—which seemed temporarily obscured by his views on sacramental wine and Christ's first miracle—appears to the best advantage. In Germany, he says, that which legislative enactments and priestly admonitions failed to effect was brought about "insensibly and without an effort," and the Germans, from "one of the most drunken, became one of the soberest nations in Europe," the introduction of French and Italian fashions being partly responsible for the result. Similarly, he says, the growing importation of hocks, clarets, and light German and Scandinavian beers, has promoted the growth of temperance in England. We regret that our limits do not allow us to dwell upon Mr. Samuelson's able and acute examination of English drink statistics, but we may say that his conclusions are directly opposed to the view often promulgated in the daily Press, that drunkenness is on the increase. His account of the real condition of things in Liverpool, London, and Birmingham, is especially valuable — all the more so, as two at least of these towns, and the third in particular, are usually exposed as "frightful illustrations." We would direct particular attention to his remarks on the uncertainty which local peculiarities of magisterial procedure have caused in the published statistics of drunkenness, and to his contention that "our unenviable reputation as a drunken people" is mainly owing to the conduct of the sea-faring, dock, and other labouring classes. Among the many facts which he cites in proof of growing sobriety among the artisan classes is the gradual substitution of trades halls for public houses as places for consultation on union and other matters. The combination of various trades for the hiring or erection of a common hall is an experiment which we would be glad to see tried elsewhere as well as in Liverpool. In a word, Mr. Samuelson trusts, for the eradication of drunkenness, to the diffusion of education, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the opening of museums and galleries, and a freer access, generally, to the higher sources of recreation and amusement. The moral of his long and interesting—though not always pleasant—story, is that no legislative enactment will be of use, unless it be the natural outgrowth of public sentiment and opinion.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.

The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Cartoons from 'Punch,' 1843-1878.

In considering the merits of the '100 Cartoons' it is impossible to form an accurate judgment by regarding them in any other light than as a part of a series of publications which dates even further back than half a century, before the days when *Punch* itself first saw the light and was nursed in its infancy by the great Doyle, Kenny Meadows, Leech, and the greatest of all, Thomas Hood. Somehow or other, when we nowadays notice the number of so-called comic journals that are to be seen on thousands of bookstalls and in thousands of shop-windows, we calmly adopt the conclusion that there must needs be a rage for caricature which was utterly unknown to all former generations. We even, with the most self-complacent conceit, like to convince ourselves that our caricature is only one kind of outgrowth of our superior civilisation, progress, and refinement, and that before steam printing, cheap paper, and art schools, any sort of caricature that might have existed must needs have been unworthy of notice. Yet, for all this, our grandfathers and their parents before them possessed a school of caricature after which, however much we may dislike to own it, our own does certainly appear wanting in wit, point, and purpose, superior though it sometimes be in the technical requirements of art. In fact, if we are ready to acknowledge that the real spirit of caricature is to represent persons or events in the strongest humorous light, at the same time conveying some striking political or moral truth, or what is supposed to be truth, and, further still, putting on vivid record some past or passing event, then the works of Leech and Tenniel which appear in the '100 Cartoons' must, indeed, give place to Gilray. As to almost all other cartoons which belong to other comic publications than *Punch*, harsh as it may be to say it, they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the coloured prints and etchings of the great master of caricature, who had Pitt, "Boney," and George the Magnificent for his constant subjects. As works to be regarded only as specimens of caricature, the '100 Cartoons' show, then, that we have to some extent degenerated; but if they are only to be regarded as select specimens of finished and perfect drawing, then the palm must be given where it is due, for it requires but little art knowledge to see at a glance that the present cartoonist of *Punch* excels all his predecessors in caricature by his accurate anatomy, his faithful likenesses, and his perfect drawing, hard and cold though it be. And now, to consider the question quite fairly, let a comparison be made of the four masters of political caricature, Gilray, H. B., Leech, and Mr. Tenniel; for Cruickshank, though one of the greatest of our social caricaturists, can certainly not be considered among the first of our political. In Gilray we had the caricaturist of the first order, full of strong point, strong sympathies, striking effect, and artistic imagination. But then, we must not forget his faults, and they were only too many. It was, no doubt, an excellent thing for the country that Gilray should always have been playing the part of the true patriot by calling up George "the bestarred and bepadded" for his many shortcomings. Yet the caricaturist often lost his strong point in a vulgar and almost disgusting personality, as when, for instance, he represented the Prince stuffed to repletion and picking his Royal teeth with the carving fork from the table; and this caricature of Gilray was one of his mildest of the mild. Still, even in this the master of his art had caught the true feeling of the people; his fault was that he was always ready to descend to any means to gain their sympathies, and would stick neither at coarseness, brutality, indecency, nor even direct misrepresentation. The fierce hatred of Napoleon at this time of threatened invasion he records in a caricature which is full of both his best and worst characteristics. Strong and

fierce feelings are played upon by a still further appeal to the bloodthirsty craving for revenge which had then seized hold of the country. John Bull is depicted holding up the bloody head of Napoleon on the end of a pitchfork, while a number of gaping rustics stare at the horrid sight with wonder and delight, and Napoleon is apostrophised by "Oh! Lord help that silly head to think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those lanthorn jaws to become King of Old England's roast beef and plum pudding." But, after a storm comes a calm, and in H. B. we see the very reverse of Gilray. The caricaturist who honoured Melbourne, Peel, and Grey with his crayon treated his subjects in a most polite, gingerly, and even priggish fashion. H. B. was best, too, at a dialogue or a single figure; if he ventured on many in a group, particularly when he called in the adjuncts of scenic effect, he was very seldom successful. Still, he occasionally displayed a keen sense of humour, as, when he shows us Lords Russell and Melbourne walking arm-in-arm, while the butcher boy rudely asks them, "Does your mother know you're out?" One cannot resist laughing at the smug, sidelong, offended look of the two noblemen. Yet H. B., with all his gentility, his accurate likenesses, and his still more accurate tailoring, can never be truthfully called the equal of Gilray, despite the milk-and-water sentiment of every school of drawing room critics. Indeed, the once popular caricaturist did the greatest mischief to caricature in introducing an element of feebleness, from which it has never since recovered, and which it took all the fun and healthy humour of John Leech to set tolerably right again. And now, coming to John Leech, we can take up the '100 Cartoons' in our hand, and hold them before our eyes proper, while in our mind's eye we keep Gilray and H. B. Of Leech, be it said, that he had most of the humour and point of Gilray, with all the lighter and more delicate touches of H. B.; but he was never coarse, indecent, or slanderously personal, like Gilray, any more than he was ever feeble and priggish like his immediate predecessor. In one respect Leech's cartoons can lay claim to a superiority that certainly did not belong to either H. B. or Gilray. They can be appreciated by every class and all sorts and conditions of men. Gilray was good to laugh over in the club-room, between the turns of piquet or whist; he was better still in the tavern-parlour; but he was best in the tap-room. There he could always appeal to the sympathies of the lower orders, for, to make no intentional pun, he never minded how low he stooped to do it. Gilray was not a caricaturist for the drawing-room and the quiet home; but, on the other hand, H. B. aimed too much at pleasing the drawing-room and the quiet home, and, in consequence, all his sketches have a surfeit of the complacent gentility of the morning caller, and all the priggishness of the nice young man at a small tea party. From both these defects Leech was entirely free, and the consequence was to be seen in his universal popularity. High and low, in the palace and the public-house, in the parsonage and the tap-room, in the Mayfair mansion, and in the Lambeth chandler's shop; by princes and peers, croquet-playing curates, and the stately Jeameses of the area flat—everywhere and by every one was John Leech appreciated and applauded. In his political caricatures, which we see in the '100 Cartoons,' there is a manly spirit of fun and good humour, which is entirely removed from all mean spitefulness and slander. We see our Prime Minister depicted as the calculating boy, the little boy who would like to go ever so *much higher* in the swing; we see him almost assaulting the unprotected female, "Agriculture;" but we never can detect the faintest ray of unjust slander, nor is there the slightest hint of unpatriotic dishonest motives. Leech was essentially the gentleman of caricature. As to his peculiar style as a caricaturist it must be confessed that there was a great deal of the H. B. influence to be seen in his work. But what H. B. scorned to take from Gilray, Leech gladly accepted, for the spirit of much of the humour of Leech was closely allied to that of Gilray. Yet though the most popular of caricaturists took much from the two older masters he was far from being a mere copyist in political caricature. The most striking characteristic of his style was its vein of quiet fun. Such cartoons as "The Swell Mob at the Opening of Parliament" and "A Dip in the Free Trade Sea," could never have been so treated either by Gilray, H. B., or Mr. Tenniel. To place John Leech's political cartoons in their proper rank in caricature is a somewhat difficult task. He far out-distanced H. B. both in point and humour, he refined on Gilray, but then he fell far short of the great master of caricature in fierce strength and powerful imagination and allegory. Talented as he was, Leech can hardly be called a great master of political caricature, but the most popular of caricaturists we must ever acknowledge him to be. But the greater part of the '100 Cartoons' is the work of Mr. Tenniel, and it is pleasant to discover that the living caricaturist deserves so much praise and such very little censure. As to originality Mr. Tenniel can justly lay claim to a large share; as to accurate drawing and perfect anatomy, none of his predecessors can in any way equal him. He has not the fun of John Leech, but there is a semi-sarcastic humour which Leech never had—perhaps never wished to have. In imagination he is far superior to either Leech or H. B.; but, although in most imaginative drawings he has fallen short, in some few others he has gone far beyond Gilray himself. The drawing of the face of the Prime Minister in "The Sphinx is Silent" shows, in its strange veiled expression, the power of an artistic genius which has perhaps never been sufficiently appreciated. When any classical element is introduced into the Cartoons Mr. Tenniel is always excellent, and his careful study of ancient art is distinctly observable. Britannia is always as statuesque as any Minerva in the Louvre or the Vatican. In "The Two Augurs" there is both humour as well as accurate classical treatment; but when there is but little or no action necessary our best living caricaturist is at his best. To compare him with Gilray, look at the recent cartoon of "Figures from a Triumph," a caricature of a classic frieze, and then think of the old master's triumph of Pitt, "Light Expelling Darkness; the Sun of the Constitution rising superior to the Clouds of Opposition." Mr. Tenniel is all statuesque, classic, and accurate; but Gilray is all vigour, life, and imagination. However, to desist from any further antiquarian comparisons, we confess ourselves well satisfied with the '100 Cartoons.' If we choose to compare them with the political caricatures of the contemporary—miscalled "comic"—publications we cannot fail to be struck by their manifest superiority. The true meaning of the word caricature among most of our cartoonists seems to be wholly unknown. There is no "character" about their work whatever, and, consequently, there can be no "caricature." The Prime Minister is represented as saying and doing what Britannia might be saying or doing, or John Bull, or the Marquis of Salisbury, or anybody else. There is no consistent individuality, but, to make amends, there is sometimes a good deal of low personality. If we only had the '100 Cartoons' from *Punch* we might think that the art of caricature had not wholly degenerated, but we must needs think of the cartoons of its contemporaries and then admit that the true spirit of caricature is almost entirely lost.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. Fourth Edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton. London: Chatto and Windus.

Poe, almost if not quite the greatest literary genius America has produced, has not been well treated by his countrymen. Patronised by many and loved by not a few, but sneered at by most of those even who prized his work, and allowed to do that work in miserable poverty, his lot was an unhappy one while he lived, and only very partial and clumsy reparation has been made to him since his death. His greatest enemy contrived to get the job of writing his life, and did all he could to blacken his memory, while, during more than a quarter of a century, the friends and successors who refused to accept Griswold's falsehoods and slanders did little more than write eulogies so vague and extravagant that the general public could hardly be expected to accept them as truthful. In Europe more justice was done to him by Beaudelaire, Hannay, and others; but the first serious attempt at an impartial memoir was made only four years ago by Mr. J. H.

Ingram. Since then fulsome honour has been paid to him on the occasion of the monument to his memory being unveiled at Baltimore, in November, 1875: and at least two panegyrical and inaccurate biographies have been published—one by Mr. Didier, the other by Mr. Gill. The first edition of the latter appeared some time ago in America, but it is now for the first time published in this country. Mr. Gill claims to have anticipated Mr. Ingram by a lecture on 'The Romance of Edgar A. Poe,' and is accordingly very bitter against his rival, though he only refers to him as "a young clerk in the London Post Office, who is also an *attaché* of the *Athenæum*." We decline to enter into the quarrel between these writers, and shall not attempt to say which of them owes most to the researches of the other; but no honest reader of the two memoirs can doubt that Mr. Ingram has taken far more pains and shown much better taste and judgment than Mr. Gill. Mr. Gill's pretentious "life," indeed, does little more than call attention to Mr. Ingram's more modest but more complete essay, and add to its information some interesting illustrations, while in other respects contradicting it without authority and wilfully endeavouring to mislead the public by sensational and mock-pathetic exaggerations.

There are still a good many points in Poe's career which it would be well to have cleared up, and which there ought to be no difficulty in clearing up while so many persons who knew him are still alive; but the main features of his character, modified as it was by circumstances, are now intelligible enough, and the peculiarities of his genius are patent to every student of his writings. The son of a well-connected law student, who married a second-rate actress, and left him an orphan while he was still little more than an infant—adopted by a wealthy and selfish merchant, who petted and spoilt him as a child, and disowned him when he grew tired of the bad habits in which he had trained him—subjected to desultory schooling, partly in England and partly in America—Poe's bringing up was about as bad as it could be. At school and college his great abilities made it easy for him to distinguish himself, and there appears to be no warrant at all for the stories told about his misconduct; but, when he was turned loose upon the world in 1830, at the age of twenty-one, after a final quarrel with his foster father, his position and prospects were more embarassing than a youth of his temperament could bear. He is said to have enlisted in the army, and to have been made seriously ill by the hardships of barrack life before his discharge was bought off by his friends. He did other wild things. While in his teens he published two editions of his youthful poems, and his pastime during some years appears to have been literary work which brought him no immediate profit, and very little pecuniary gain at any time. At length the current of his life was fixed by the offer made by a Baltimore paper, in 1832, of prizes for the best tale and the best poem sent for publication in its columns. Poe competed, and was successful; and henceforth he was a literary man. Mr. Gill prints an account "from the lips of" Mr. Latrobe, one of the prize adjudicators, of a visit paid to him by Poe, which, if authentic, is interesting:—

He was, if anything, below the middle size, and yet could not be described as a small man. His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself erect and well, as one who had been trained to it. He was dressed in black, and his frock coat was buttoned to his throat, where it met the black stock, then almost universally worn. Not a particle of white was visible. Coat, hat, boots, and gloves, had very evidently seen their best days, but, so far as mending and brushing go, everything had been done, apparently, to make them presentable. On most men his clothes would have looked shabby and seedy; but there was something about this man that prevented one from critising his garments, and the details I have mentioned were only recalled afterwards. The impression made, however, was that the award made in Mr. Poe's favour was not inopportune. *Gentleman* was written all over him. His manner was easy and quiet, and, although he came to return thanks for what he regarded as deserving them, there was nothing obsequious in what he said or did. His features I am unable to describe in detail. His forehead was high, and remarkable for the great development of the temple. This was the characteristic of his head which you noticed at once, and which I have never forgotten. The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable. His voice, I remember, was very pleasing in its tone, and well-modulated, almost rhythmical, and his words were well-chosen and unhesitating. Taking a seat, we conversed awhile on ordinary topics, and he informed me that Mr. Kennedy, my colleague in the committee, on whom he had already called, had either given or promised to give him a letter to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he hoped would procure him employment. I asked him whether he was then occupied with any literary labour. He replied that he was engaged on a voyage to the moon; and at once went into a somewhat learned disquisition upon the laws of gravity, the height of the earth's atmosphere, and the capacities of balloons, warming in his speech as he proceeded. Presently, speaking in the first person, he began the voyage. After describing the preliminary arrangements, as you will find them set forth in one of his tales called "Adventures of one Hans Pfaal," and leaving the earth and becoming more and more animated, he described his sensations as he ascended higher and higher, until at last he reached the point in space where the moon's attraction overcame that of the earth, when there was a sudden *bouleversement* of the car, and a great confusion among its tenants. By this time the speaker had become so excited, spoke so rapidly, gesticulating much, that when the turn-upside-down took place, and he clapped his hands and stamped with his foot, by way of emphasis, I was carried along with him, and, for aught to the contrary that I now remember, may have fancied myself the companion of his aerial journey. The climax of the tale was the reversal I have mentioned. When he had finished his description, he apologised for his excitability, which he laughed at himself.

It may be taken for granted that Mr. Latrobe's report of a fifty-year old reminiscence has been a good deal garnished up by Mr. Gill, but that description of Poe when he was three-and-twenty apparently gives a fair notion of his bearing and temperament both then and afterwards. He was a man of genius, and, like many other men of genius, excitable, impatient, and morbid. The melancholy that often oppressed him in his youth soon became a serious disease, which was naturally aggravated by his inability to take any sort of stimulant without being overcome by it, so that as his friend, N. P. Willis, said, "with a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost, and, although none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his will was palpably insane." For a man so constituted, the life of a literary hack was especially unsuitable; yet that was, in reality, nearly all that Poe ever attained. Leaving Baltimore for Richmond, in 1835, to assist in editing a newspaper to which he had previously contributed, he did his work only too zealously and well, and he was as persevering and conscientious afterwards, while toiling away in New York, in Philadelphia, in New York again, and elsewhere, until he died wretchedly in 1849. Underpaid when he was in other persons' employ, yet worse off while he was struggling through the management of an unsuccessful journal of his own, he was always poor. More of his ephemeral writings than were worth preserving have been reprinted in his "Works;" but these only feebly indicate his industry during the fifteen years of his life under the eye of the public. His multifarious occupations may not have greatly injured the quality of his masterpieces; but they certainly lessened their number, and the miseries of his life undoubtedly intensified their gloomy colouring. It is idle to speculate as to what any man might have done under other circumstances than those which surrounded him; but we may well regret that the conditions of Poe's life were not more favourable to healthy workmanship. Perhaps, however, no change of circumstances would have materially influenced the bent of his genius, or cured his natural infirmities. There was no ground at all for the scandals that were put about as to his treatment of the sickly cousin whom he married when he was quite a child, and apparently chiefly because he had aroused in her stronger feelings of affection than at that time existed in his own mind; and it is beyond doubt that he was afterwards devotedly attached to her, and nursed her tenderly during her long illness. But there was evidence of his unsteadiness of character in his eagerness, during the short time in which he was a widower, to take as a second wife first one lady, and then another. Perhaps, it was less strange that what he called "the one idolatrous and purely ideal love of his passionate boyhood" should have begun almost before he was in his teens, and should have had for its object the mother of one of his school-mates, but it was very characteristic of him that for some months after her death he should have paid nightly visits, often lasting for hours, to her grave. A morbid melan-

choly oppressed him through life, and he only too aptly described himself when he wrote, near the end:—

> I stand amid the roar
> Of a surf-tormented shore,
> And I hold within my hand
> Grains of the golden sand—
> How few, yet how they creep
> Through my fingers to the deep,
> While I weep—while I weep!
> O God! can I not grasp
> Them with a tighter clasp?
> O God! can I not save
> *One* from the pitiless wave?
> Is *all* that we see or seem
> But a dream within a dream?

Poe will be remembered for a few of his poems and some of his short tales. "He combines," as his countryman Professor Lowell has said, "in a very remarkable manner, two faculties which are seldom found united, a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadows of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed." He denied that his own account, given in 'The Philosophy of Composition,' of the elaborate method on which "The Raven" had been constructed was anything more than a hoax, but, whether that was so or not, the essay to which we refer fairly indicates the general plan on which he worked up his plots. Fixing first on the exact *dénoûment* of his story, he constructed it backwards step by step, with the object of leading his readers back to it in the most effective way. This is notable alike in one of his lightest tales, 'The Gold Bug,' in which the apparent delusion of the hero is cunningly explained away, and shown to be based on an ingenious but perfectly legitimate train of reasoning, and in the ghastly 'Fall of the House of Usher,' in which a supernatural climax is reached with admirable art, by processes of which all but the latest depend upon nothing more preposterous than the distortions of a hypochondriac's fancy. There is only an apparent, not a real, inversion of the method, moreover, in such a sketch as 'The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,' of which the first portion was built up of actual facts and speculations respecting an unexplained murder committed in the neighbourhood of New York, which Poe transferred only by change of names to Paris, and about which he constructed a series of hypothetical details that, long after his tale had been published, were verified by the confessions of two of the culprits concerned. This 'Mystery of Marie Rogêt' is not the only instance of Poe's remarkable power of forecasting the issues of real or imaginary events of which none but the first stages were known to him. In 1841, when only the opening chapters of 'Barnaby Rudge' had been issued, he published a prophetic analysis of the whole plot, which Dickens afterwards certified to be entirely accurate. In the capacity for subtle psychological analysis, especially where the causes and issues of some mental malady have to be traced out, no writer superior to Poe can be named. In his power of heaping up minute details so as to give to fancy the form of reality, he almost rivals Defoe, though the short story of 'The Black Cat' is a striking illustration of his preference for such weird mysteries and horrors as Defoe's healthier temperament kept clear of. "Not one person in ten—nay, not one person in five hundred," Poe wrote in one of his essays, "has, during the perusal of 'Robinson Crusoe,' the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation. Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts, Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought. We read, and become perfect abstractions in the intensity of our interest: we close the book, and are quite satisfied that we could have written as well ourselves. All this is effected by the potent magic of verisimilitude. Indeed, the author of 'Crusoe' must have possessed, above all other faculties, what has been termed the faculty of identification—that dominion exercised by volition over imagination which enables the mind to lose its own in a fictitious individuality." Pretty much the same may be said of Poe himself. He described and discussed "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" quite as well as any penny-a-liner could have done!

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

The Bubble Reputation. By Katharine King, author of 'The Queen of the Regiment,' 'Off the Roll,' &c., &c. Hurst and Blackett.

That to perform any action approaching chivalry, any generous deed of self-negation, may be intense folly is the impression produced by reading Miss Katherine King's latest novel. Miss King has given us, in 'The Bubble Reputation,' a very good work, so good, indeed, that its faults, and they are not a few, are more painfully vivid than they would be in a book of less general good workmanship throughout. Falling into a very common fault of lady novelists, she has in many cases pitched her key too high, and actions of her characters which she intends us to admire fail to excite aught save irritation at their excessive stupidity. Had the hero and the lady who, we suppose, is the heroine, Gertrude Fraser, behaved a little more like ordinary mortals in the most important crisis of their lives, they would certainly have been happier and displayed better sense than Miss King permits them. There is a theatrical story which relates that, in the progress of a very dreary melodrama, a character was made to exclaim, "Why do I not destroy this letter?" The answer from a malcontent in the house came promptly, "Because you would have nothing to spin out your next two acts with, and we could get away and have some beer." If Owen Bourke, the principal character of the book, had demeaned himself a little less like a lunatic, we should have had no new novel from Miss King's pen. But for that we should have been unfeignedly sorry.

Owen Bourke, the son of a washerwoman, ran away from home to escape the ill-treatment of a step-father, and enlisted in a regiment of Hussars. Fate and the War Office took him to India, where, during the Mutiny, he so behaved as to gain a commission. His life in the regiment while quartered at Stirling is told by Miss King in a manner minute and effective. The doubts he feels as to the wisdom of removing himself from his old friends into a society where he is ill at ease are capitally pourtrayed. He has but two friends among his brother officers—Colonel Fraser, whose wife and child he saved during the action with the sepoys, which raised him from the ranks; and Captain Lacy, a good-natured, somewhat foolish officer of a common type. Nearly the rest of the mess are dead against him, and, in a thousand-and-one ways, succeed in wounding and annoying the "ranker." But Bourke has one resource by which he can withdraw himself from the petty persecutions of the regiment—he is an inventive genius. In his room there is a blacksmith's forge, which, if constantly used, would justify, in our mind, a good deal of the spite shown towards him by his neighbours, and on this he works out a new gun, which, as we learn elsewhere, depends for its success on "a gas-check, practically if not absolutely perfect." Designs of this gas-check are sent to the War Office, and, as Captain Lacy elegantly remarks, "If Bourke had been a swell in the Engineers or Artillery, the idea would have been caught at eagerly by the owls who decide upon these subjects;" but, unfortunately for our hero, his being in the Cavalry ensures "the owls'" returning him his designs. Nothing daunted, however, Captain Lacy entrusts them to an uncle of his, who is in the Engineers, and the result of this justifies any young officer in Her Majesty's Army in placing his inventions in the hands of a friend who has relatives in the "thinking" branch of the service. But these alone do not complete the measure of Bourke's sorrows; no lady novelist would allow her hero to come scathless through his love trials. Colonel Fraser has a sister, Gertrude, a tall, queenly woman, possessed of a great amount of intelligence and a still larger allowance of bad temper. Of her both Captain Lacy and Bourke are enamoured, and the inevitable house on fire permits both lovers to perform prodigies of valour. The latter's doings on this occasion awaken the heart of the hitherto cold and passionless Gertrude to the fact she returns Bourke's love. Her pride, however, forbids her mentioning it, and his admiration for his

friend Lacy closes his lips. But there is nothing to prevent Lacy speaking, and a most decided rejection he gets for his pains. The touches with which Gertrude's mixture of feelings are here painted are very fine and artistic. She acknowledges to Owen that she owes him a vast debt of gratitude for saving her life, and bids him ask what request he will. Will it be believed that, loving her madly, as he does, the request he proffers is that she will reconsider her verdict with regard to his friend Lacy? He receives his dismissal from the young lady, turns in despair and flees. Smarting with shame and passion, he encounters two of his brother officers in the barrack square; he overhears them coupling the ranker's name with that of Gertrude Fraser; in a momentary fit of blind rage he strikes his superior, is tried by court martial, is dismissed the service, and vanishes no one knows where. Weeks afterward his hat and coat are found by the water's edge. So Owen Bourke disappears from the story.

When introduced by Captain Lacy's uncle, Bourke's Gun was warmly taken up by "the owls," and, as the Lacy Gun was known far and wide, money poured in rapidly, and, though Captain Lacy advertised in all the journals of England and Ireland, no Bourke could be found. Lacy hesitated what to do with this money, and it was Gertrude's proposal that he should expend it in a Bourke College for self-made men; but whether this philanthropic suggestion bore fruit we are not told. Owen's death left Lacy free to propose to Gertrude again, and this time success crowned his efiorts, and a most uncomfortable union ensued. Owen Bourke had disappeared from the story; but a waif, called Owen Riley, arrives at Hull, and works his passage out to Hamburg; and a penniless wanderer, named Herr Owen Riley, walks from Hamburg to Berlin, where he obtains a situation in a blacksmith's. Here he works on his "gas check," until it far surpasses his original design, and he seeks for and gets an interview with Von Moltke. To this interview we are taken, and find in the famous soldier no man who "can hold his tongue in seven languages," but a pleasant, chatty, loquacious old gentleman, to whom Owen relates pretty nearly what we have told above. Von Moltke warmly espouses the principle of this wonderful gun, and the once despised Owen Bourke "was known by the name of a property that had been conferred upon him by a king who knew how to recognise such a service to the power of his country as this man had performed," and henceforth appears in Miss King's pages as Count Von Mittsdorf. Owen's powers of fascination had not deserted him in the Fatherland, and pitying and compassionating a little mädchen, named Hilda, the sister of a brewer's drayman who befriended him in the German metropolis, he is betrothed to her. The novel reader will hardly require to be told that in this complicated state of affairs it is a matter of absolute necessity for Gertrude to visit Berlin. Visit Berlin she does; and with her come Sir Marcus Lacy, her husband's father, and his daughter—a charming little lass—Gwendoline. The old lovers, of course, meet, concealing that they had met before; but the love of one is dead, and Owen looks but on Gwendoline. Gertrude's passion, on the other hand, is by no means extinct, and she furthermore refuses to recognise the altered feelings of Owen—circumstances which, when her husband follows her to Germany, lead to various remarks of a most unpleasant nature terminating with a duel. The meeting between Lacy and Owen is, however, prevented in good time, general explanations ensue, Gwendoline avows that Owen's love for her is reciprocated, and matters for the first time in the story begin to look pleasant for everybody. But a letter from Fraülein Hilda sets them all wrong once more, and Gwendoline refuses to see Owen until he is fairly freed from his Teutonic betrothed one. To free Owen, unfortunately, is exactly what the German young lady refuses to do, but eventually she satisfactorily elopes with a countryman in her own rank of life. Owen is his own master; he continues his invention, turning his attention to the perfecting of torpedoes. "Once in possession of such a weapon," said the King—the present Kaiser Wilhelm, we presume—in conference with his councillors, "and the most powerful navy or combination of navies in the world becomes so much driftsand and broken metal." For this invention, of which unluckily Miss King gives no description, Count Von Mittsdorf is raised to the rank of prince. His engagement with Gwendoline is renewed. Even on the last page but two of the third volume is the marriage discussed; but Sir Marcus Lacy picks up *The Times* at breakfast one morning, and reads therein that, in a late exhibition of Count Von Mittsdorf's wondrous torpedoes before the king in Berlin, an explosion took place, owing to the awkwardness of an assistant, and that, though numbers of the onlookers were contused and wounded, the only man who lost his life was the man to do honour to whose genius all those most illustrious for rank or learning in the kingdom had assembled. The Bubble Reputation was won by Owen Bourke, but burst on the day of his triumph.

Such is an outline of the plot of Miss King's novel. The book contains many inconsistencies and a few glaring improbabilities, but the characters are throughout strongly drawn, and will add to Miss King's reputation. The best we can say for 'The Bubble Reputation' is that it is eminently readable, which in itself is no slight praise to win now-a-days.

MINOR NOTICE.

English Men of Letters. Gibbon. By James Cotter Morison. (Macmillan and Co.).—There could scarcely be a happier example of the scheme of "English Men of Letters" than is afforded by Mr. Cotter Morison's volume. As a clear, thoughtful, and attractive record of the life and works of one of the greatest among the world's historians, it deserves the highest praise, nor are its critical qualities, though they may not meet with universal agreement, less remarkable or less admirable. No one can read this little volume through without obtaining at the end a better understanding of Gibbon than he had before, and in all probability a better appreciation of the 'Decline and Fall.' Those who, like Mr. Silas Wegg, have not been "right slap through" the great history very lately, could not do better than to regard Mr. Morison's volume as an essential preface to the task. If they do so, they will probably find that they approach the 'Decline and Fall' with a wider understanding of its scope and purpose, and a more comprehensive appreciation of its colossal merits, and, viewed by the side of these merits, its pigmy defects, than they could otherwise have hoped for. But, admirable though Mr. Morison's study of what Mr. George Meredith calls "the grand panorama of the mistress of the world falling into decay" is, this is not the portion which will most commend itself to the average reader. He will find his chief interest in the biographical portion, in the narrative of Gibbon's life, of his friends, of Mme. Necker, and he will not be disappointed. The picture Mr. Morison draws is animated and pleasing; his treatment always fair, calm, and impartial; his admiration for the man never running away with the coolness of his judgment. We do not, however, quite understand why Mr. Morison is so surprised at Gibbon's enthusiasm for Xenophon. A modern scholar, Professor Jebb, only the other day expressed an admiration for the writings of the leader of the Ten Thousand far exceeding in its enthusiasm the tempered eulogium of Gibbon. Wherever Mr. Morison indulges in speculations of his own he is well worth attentive study. In speaking of the difficulties in writing history dependent upon the "ever-moving stand-point from which the past is regarded," he touches upon a question too likely to be ignored. "How easy is it to see whether a writer lived before the Reign of Terror or after it from his gait and manner of approaching social enquiries! Is there any reason to suppose that such mutations are at an end? None. The probability, well nigh a certainty, is that metamorphoses of the social organism are in store for us which will equal, if they do not vastly exceed, anything that the past has offered."

VARIORUM NOTES.

The *Standard* of Monday, in its Constantinople correspondence, tells a capital story about a recent judgment of the Lords of the Privy Council in England, on an appeal to them from a decision

of the Consulate at Constantinople upon a case. In this case it was frequently deposed that certain goods had been delivered to Haidar Pasha. Haidar Pasha the English judges decided to be "some respectable Turkish official who had authority to bind the Government;" but, unfortunately, it now turns out that Haidar Pasha is not a man at all, but a railway station! How we should laugh if some eminent Turkish authorities were to testify to the merits of the distinguished English official "General Opinion" and his great influence with the English Government. The title does not always make the man.

The death of the Rev. Charles Gilfillan removes from the living one more of a generation of poets and writers who were much talked about at their time, but whose fame is scarcely likely to be lasting. Mr. Gilfillan was more known as an essayist than poet, but his poem, "Night," which appeared in 1867, met with considerable success as a religious work. In his own preface to his work he described it as "miscellaneous" in character, which was, perhaps, the most appropriate adjective that could be applied to it.

An American writer in the August *Lippincott* thus describes the British soldier:—"It is hardly too much to say that the British Army, as a stranger observes it nowadays, is an army of boys. All the regiments are boyish; they are made up of lads who range from seventeen to five-and-twenty. . . . . The modern grenadier, as he perambulates the London pavement, is for the most part a fresh-coloured lad of moderate stature, who hardly strikes one as offering the elements of a very solid national defence."

St. James's Church, Hatcham, seems to be vexed by a most pestilent spirit of discord. No matter into whose hands the evil-omened building may fall, it seems impossible to avoid contention and clamour. Mr. Malcolm MacColl does not, to use an Americanism, seem to be making "a big thing" of the affair, and, if matters go on as they now are, the place will soon become about as attractive as a haunted house, or the scene of some celebrated murder.

Mr. O'Donnell has been denounced by the Irish journals for daring to vote on the side of the Government in the division on Lord Hartington's motion, not so much, apparently, because they object to the politics of the Prime Minister, as becanse they consider it beneath the dignity of a Home Rule member to vouchsafe any attention to matters English. A few days ago, we fancied Mr. O'Donnell was the favoured leader of the would-be Fenian journals. Now, however, the boasted unity of the party does not appear to be so sure as its leaders would have us believe it to be.

The Court Theatre has a new "Olivia," played by Miss Marion Terry, who supports admirably her sister's success. The part has, of course, been "created;" but Miss Marion Terry contrives to appear original, while following very closely in the lines laid down by Miss Ellen Terry; and in some parts, especially in the third act, her study of the character is well worthy of its original impersonator.

A Washington paper tells an amusing story of a worthy Protestant clergyman who, on his first visit to the capital of the United States, endeavoured to enter the Senate House. He was promptly stopped by an official, who demanded whether he was privileged to enter, by being either a governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister. "I am a minister," replied the clergyman. "Of what Court and country?" demanded the janitor. "Of heaven," was the reply. "Our Government entertain no relations whatever with that country," drily observed the doorkeeper.

Parisian beggars have become so audacious since the Exhibition that one of the fraternity, the other day, on receiving from a benevolent stranger a bad half-franc by mistake, threatened to hand the donor over to the police if the coin was not immediately changed.

Only one member of the dramatic profession in Paris is said to be an early riser—the elephant who figures in the *Tour du Monde* at the Porte St. Martin. This intelligent animal takes a constitutional along the Boulevards at six every morning.

The colossal head of Liberty, which is now in the Champ de Mars, but which will one day adorn a gigantic statue in New York Harbour, is hollow, and may be entered by the curious. No charge is made for this privilege, as all exhibitions connected with the Exhibition are free, but an ingenious means of evading this rule has been discovered. No one may enter the head of Liberty without a special pass, and no one can obtain a special pass without first buying for fifty centimes a photograph of New York Harbour.

Young America has always been noted for its inquiring mind. One of the many thousand budding Presidents now resident in Chicago was told the other day by his "school-marm" the story of William Tell's famous shooting feat. The only comment the boy made upon the story of the patriotic parent was, "Who eat the apple afterwards?"

Mr. Charles Marvin is said to be the author of some articles upon the Foreign Office which have appeared in one of the newer weeklies.

Mr. Cayley's translation of Petrarch's 'Sonnets' is nearly ready, and will shortly be published. The form of the volume will probably be somewhat similar to that of Mr. D. G. Rossetti's 'Italian Poets.'

A new drama, entitled *Les Borowski*, by M. Pierre Newsky, the author of *Les Danicheff*, will be produced at the Ambigu on the first of October. The interest of the play is Polish this time instead of Russian.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish, in the course of the autumn, a memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D., Scholar, Poet, and Divine, by his son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M.A. Mr. Hodgson, it will be remembered, was one of the most intimate friends of Lord Byron, and the present work will contain letters from Byron, and from his sister, Mrs. Leigh, throwing light upon the relations between Lord and Lady Byron.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran are preparing for Christmas a volume of 'Fairy Tales, published by command of her Bright Dazzlingness Gloriana, Queen of Fairy-land.' By a "Soldier of the Queen." It will be published in small quarto size, and will be copiously illustrated.

Brazil has given birth to a new paper, the *Jornal para Rir*.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Browne, Montagu.—Collecting Butterflies and Moths. (Crown 8vo. pp. 50.) "Bazaar" Office. 1s.

Bucknill, Dr.—Habitual Drunkenness and insane Drunkards. (Crown 8vo, pp. 103.) Macmillan and Co.

Conway, Gilbert.—A Treatise on Versification. (Crown 8vo, pp. 113.) Longmans and Co.

Cust, R.—The Modern Languages of the East Indies. (Demy 8vo, pp. 193.) Trübner and Co.

Gill's Life of Poe.—(Crown 8vo, pp. 347.) Chatto and Windus.

Jerram, C. S., M.A.—Cebetis Tabula. (Small 8vo, pp. 55.) Macmillan and Co.

King, Katharine.—The Bubble Reputation. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Hurst and Blackett. 31s. 6d.

Long, J. P. A.—Income Tax. (Crown 8vo, pp. 141.) E. Wilson. 1s. 6d.

Manual of Book-keeping Simplified. (Crown 8vo.) Central School Depôt. 2s.

Moore, Georgina M.—Mary and her Many friends. (Crown 8vo.) Marlborough and Co.

Robinson, Phil.—Cyprus and Sokotra. (Crown 8vo.) W. Clowes and Sons. 1s.

Rowing, Sailing, Boating, Canoeing, &c. (Fcap. 8vo, pp. 128.) Ward, Lock, and Co. 1s.

Schaible, C. H., M.D.—The Systematic Training of the Body. (Crown 8vo, pp. 124.) Trübner and Co.

Songs of Béranger. Done into English Verse by William Young. New Edition. (Fcap. 8vo, pp. 252.) W. Blackwood and Sons.

Swimming, Skating, Rinking, and Sleighing. (Fcap. 8vo, pp. 128.) Ward, Lock, and Co. 1s.

Waverley Novels. Old Mortality and The Heart of Mid-Lothian. (Crown 8vo.) Marcus Ward and Co. 2s. 6d. each.

Weber, A.—History of Indian Literature. (Demy 8vo, pp. 360.) Trübner and Co.

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Frozen Hearts. Verney Court. Minor Notice.

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TORQUAY SANITARY IMPROVEMENTS.

THE COMPLETION of the NEW MAIN DRAINAGE will be celebrated on SATURDAY, August 24th. Sir JOSEPH BAZALGETTE, C.E., K.C.B., will attend a PUBLIC MEETING to be held at the TOWN HALL at 11 o'clock, when he will explain the especial advantages and improvements made in connection with the High Level System, and a visit will then be paid to the works. As these works have been carried out with great engineering skill, and are believed to be the most perfect system of drainage for sea-side towns, all Sanitary Authorities, and others interested in the latest improvements in sanitary works, are invited to attend, or to send deputations or officials to the proposed inauguration.

A list of members forming any deputation, or names of persons or officials proposing to attend, to be sent on or before the 22nd inst. to

BRISCOE HOOPER,
August 13th, 1878. Clerk to the Local Board, Town Hall, Torquay.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End.—The SESSION 1878-79 will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, October 1, 1878, when the prize distribution will take place. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £60 and £10, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new students. Entries on or before September 20. Fee to Lectures and Hospital Practice, 90 guineas in one payment, or 100 guineas in three instalments. All resident and other hospital appointments are free. The resident appointments consist of five House-Physiciancies, four House-Surgeoncies, one Accouchership; also two Dressership and two Maternity Assistantships. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the metropolis.

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	Farringdon-street ,,	7:30	..... 60 6	..... 30 6
	Victoria (L. C. and D.) ,,	6:25	.....	.....
	Ludgate-hill ,,	6:59	.....	.....
	King's Cross ,,	7:50	..... 60 0	..... 30 0

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12 Dessert do.	1	0	0	1	10	0	1	12	0	1	15	0
12 Tea do.	0	12	0	0	18	0	1	2	0	1	10	0
2 Salt do.	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	4	0
1 Mustard do.	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0	0	2	0
6 Egg do.	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	11	0	0	12	0
1 Gravy do.	0	6	0	0	7	6	0	9	6	0	10	6
1 Soup Ladle	0	9	6	0	13	0	0	15	0	0	16	6
1 Fish Knife	0	11	0	0	13	0	0	15	6	0	16	6
1 Butter Knife	0	2	6	0	3	6	0	5	0	0	5	0
2 Sauce Ladles	0	5	6	0	7	0	0	8	0	0	9	0
1 Sugar Sifter	0	3	0	0	4	9	0	4	0	0	5	0
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